

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC



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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

A QUESTION of considerable importance to such inventors of plot as are not dramatists, has just been brought before the public for about the hundredth time. In the one case, the public has been appealed to through the medium of the press. In the other case, the question has been brought before a legal tribunal. As it is very difficult to poll an entire public upon any point whatever, we cannot say how popular opinion runs. The decision of the legal tribunal is very distinct. The Lord Chief Justice of England has decided that a novelist has in reality no copyright whatsoever in the plot which he invents—or is supposed to invent. That is to say, that any dramatist has an unrestricted right to adapt for the stage the work of any novelist. At the first sight this may seem rather hard on the writer of novels. The novelists themselves will no doubt complain bitterly. But considering the case from an unprejudiced point of view, it will appear possibly not so hard.

First of all we believe very strongly that there is no such thing as a new plot in the world. A celebrated meta-

physician has said that human invention is like a barrel-organ limited to a certain number of tunes. Each new arrangement of incident and following up of motive is simply the unconscious re-development of something done before. A curious instance of this occurred in the case of *The Bells*. Here at least, it was said, we had a plot undoubtedly novel. This was the only play in any language where a secret in the possession of the principal character and of the audience was not shared by the other characters on the stage. But a learned and ingenious writer in a magazine, pointed out that the idea belonged neither to the author nor to the adapter, but to a Persian author, dead and buried for several thousand years. So much for the possibility of originality in plot.

Again, we do not see that an author receives any great damage from the dramatisation of his works. Novelists, as a rule, are not dramatists. Indeed, the set of qualities which make a good narrator is entirely different from the set of qualities which constitute a successful writer of stage plays. In those rare instances where a novelist is capable of making a drama out of his story, the use of his materials by another may seem cruel. But even in this extreme case the remedy is in a man's own hands. Supposing him to be in a position to print, copyright, and produce a dramatic version of his novel, he will have a legal remedy against all pirates. If he is unable to do, or to arrange with some one else to do so for him, it seems to us that he should be rather pleased than otherwise at the inevitable notoriety which must result from the production of his work at a theatre. It is a very good method of advertisement. Many a bad story has been worked into a decent play. And we can easily conceive a novelist, not possessing very considerable skill, obtaining a sort of popularity, owing to the fact that his name, or the name of his story, has been advertised on every dead wall, in every newspaper, and on every omnibus roof in the metropolis.

It may be observed that the complaints usually come from those who do not stand in the highest rank of the profession. Mr. Dickens indeed bitterly complained of the practice. But that was in his early days. No author had a keener knowledge of business, and in his later days he has been frequently known to express considerable pleasure on seeing clever adaptations of his inimitable writings.

At all events it has been laid down as law that the dramatist has a right to use plots which have not been previously woven into the dramatic form. The Lord Chief Justice refrained from giving any opinion as to whether the established law is right or wrong. For our own part we can only repeat that we do not believe the hardship complained of by novelists to be so great as they would have us believe. And in the present dearth of stage literature we regret that there should be any effort made, by an appeal to the law, to repress what has been declared to be the right of the dramatist. The public is the gainer; and we think that public sympathy will be with the adapter rather than with the novelist.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

It is not a little remarkable that the highly popular actress and vocalist, whose right to the title of "Queen of English Opera Bouffe" there is, perhaps, but one to dispute, achieved her first grand success in that part of London to which belongs the honour of having given her birth. Miss Soldene was born at Claremont Square, Islington, in the neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells and the Philharmonic Theatres. At an early age she manifested a predilection for the stage, but we are told by one of her biographers that this was steadily discouraged, and it was not until Mr. Howard Glover had taken her as an artied pupil, having been attracted by her superior voice, that she was enabled in any wise to gratify her cherished desire. She had previously been allowed to pay rare visits to Sadler's Wells, then under the management of Mr. Phelps, but it was Mr. Glover who first afforded her glimpses of the sphere in which she was afterwards to gain so much distinction. She made her debut at a concert given by him on the 9th of January, 1865, when she played 'Azucena' in the second act of *Il Trovatore*. According to the biographer to whom we have been referred by Miss Soldene for the particulars of her career, "by no one was the new 'Azucena' more warmly congratulated than by her fellow artistes, and Madame Grisi, in particular, welcomed her success with cordial warmth, a kindness which the debutante has always gratefully remembered." In 1867 she obtained an engagement at the Oxford Music Hall, and speedily won for herself a name not only as a singer of Offenbach's music, which was produced by Mr. Charles Morton in a manner that has never been surpassed in London, but for the wonderfully spirited way in which she rendered certain ballads which were allotted to her in the miscellaneous part of the programme. For many nights her singing of "Up the Alma's Height," was one of the principal attractions of the entertainment, and was never sung without being loudly re-demanded. After fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Morton's company at the Alhambra, Miss "Fitzhenry"—her then professional name—was called upon, at a moment's notice, to play the leading part in *La Grande Duchesse* at the Standard Theatre. Her success was complete. Henceforward she held a place of assured eminence in English opera bouffe, and to-day the appearance of her name in the "bill of the play" is sufficient to ensure an overflowing "treasury." She went into the provinces in 1870, subsequently appeared at the Crystal Palace, and then played 'Marguerite' in Hervé's *Little Faust*, and the title rôle in *Chilperic*. It is unnecessary to do more than revert to the way in which her singing and acting in these pieces took the town; but her crowning triumph was reserved for the Philharmonic Theatre, in Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant*. The run of the piece was enormous. It made Islington, for once in its history, a fashionable suburb. From the Angel Hotel on the one hand, to the Agricultural Hall on the other, there was to be seen night after night a long line of carriages. Great as was the hit made by the two Gens d'armes in their famous duet, a very large measure of the triumph of *Geneviève* was due to the careful stage direction of Miss Soldene, and her brilliantly humorous realisation of the part of 'Drogan.' This is not a critical notice of Miss Soldene, or we should feel it incumbent on us to explain the causes of her immense popularity—whether as 'Drogan' or 'Mlle. Lange' in *La Fille de Madame Angot*. It is sufficient for us to call attention to the fact that her reputation grows daily, and we have not the slightest doubt that her career on the other side of the Atlantic, be it brief or lengthy, will constitute one of the most brilliant passages in her dramatic career. Her portrait, given on another page, is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, Regent-street.

GLOBE THEATRE.

In view of the interminable popularity of Lecocq's *Fille de Madame Angot*, that under a slightly varied guise, and with a change of interpreters, is constantly widening the area, and augmenting the number of its triumphs, we are prompted not alone, to exclaim "Rien ne succède que le succès!" but to supplement this well-known aphorism with the words, "Et le succès dure à jamais!" Marvellous indeed is the favour manifested by all classes of the English play-going community to the above-mentioned opera; and had proof been wanting of the strong hold it has secured on the taste of the metropolis, the required evidence would have been furnished in a conclusive degree by the aspect of the Globe Theatre, on Monday evening last, when the Gaiety Opera Bouffe Company, under the direction of Mr. John Hollingshead, commenced, before a crowded audience, a season of five weeks in a new version of Lecocq's eternal composition, from the pen of M. Du Terreaux. It is too late in the day to call the attention of our readers to the merits of the music, and as regards the new libretto, it may be dismissed with the remark that it is neither better nor worse than the adaptations that have preceded it. The great novelty of the representation is the appearance of Mlle. Cornélie d'Anka as 'Mlle. Lange.' From an artistic point of view, the impersonation is in a measure disappointing. The performance betrays signs of inadequate study, and it would almost seem that Mlle. d'Anka, conscious of her rare endowments of voice and person, had to some extent scorned a reliance on art. But nature without art must in many cases appear on the stage to disadvantage, and greater attention to dramatic technicalities would have won for Mlle. d'Anka's representation an unqualified triumph. The actress's personal charms, her spontaneity of manner and superb vocalisation combine, however, to render the new 'Mlle. Lange' a highly interesting personage, and with the excellent assumption of 'Clairette' by Miss Constance Loseby, and the efficient performance of the remaining characters by Miss Alice Cook and Messrs. Lyall, Perrini, and Cotte, a satisfactory interpretation of the piece is fully secured. All the chief melodies were on Monday evening rapturously redemanded; and taking into account the tasteful and appropriate *mise-en-scène*, and the orchestral co-operation of Herr Meyer Lutz and Mr. Caulfield, it is hardly too much to predict that not even the hostile influence of the hot weather, now rapidly advancing, will render the public insensible to the irresistible allurements of *La Fille de Madame Angot*.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MONT BLANC.

Le Voyage de M. Perrichon, from which part of the plot of Messrs. Henry and Athol Mayhew's new "picturesque comedy" *Mont Blanc*, produced here on Monday evening, is derived, was one of the most successful plays in the repertoire of M. Ravel, when he last appeared with the French Company at the St. James's Theatre, and was represented several times last February at the Holborn Theatre, by MM. Valnay and Pitron's company, with M. Didier in the principal character. An English adaptation, in the extravaganza *Peacock's Holiday*, was produced at the Court Theatre in April last, and it is now presented for the second time in an English guise, in which the main incidents, as well as the scene of the original, are retained, but the principal characters are English tourists. The main portion of the story, now tolerably familiar to the public, and retained with the necessary alterations for the change of nationality, by Messrs. Mayhew, may be briefly summarised. Mr. Chirpey, a successful oil and Italian warehouseman of St. Mary Axe, London, travelling in Switzerland, in company with his wife and daughter, Florence, arrive at Chamouni, whither follow two friends, Harold Majoribanks, a Cambridge undergraduate, and the Hon. Percy Centlivre, both of whom, unknown to each other, have fallen in love with Florence Chirpey, and have followed her from Baden to prosecute their suit. An interchange of confidences takes place between the two friends, to their mutual surprise, and they enter into a compact that each shall use all fair honourable means, in friendly rivalry, to gain the young lady's hand, and that the unsuccessful competitor shall be the other's "best man." The expedients adopted by the competing lovers to gain the prize, and the series of incidents which give temporary triumph to each alternately, form, in conjunction with the mishaps and troubles of Chirpey père, a succession of most amusing situations and humorous surprises. Chirpey falls down a crevasse, and is rescued at the risk of his own life by Harold, who plumes himself that Chirpey's gratitude will secure to him the hand of his daughter, but he is soon outwitted by Percy, who places himself in a perilous position, so as to be rescued by Chirpey, whose heroism he gets proclaimed throughout the village by the town crier. Percy further strengthens his chances with Chirpey, by saving him from the perils of a duel, which he had most unwillingly been forced into, by writing to the police and having the intended combatants arrested. This last service to Chirpey on the part of Percy would have been the *coup de grace* to Harold's hopes, had not the former been overheard by Chirpey, informing his discomfited rival that Percy had only pretended to be in a perilous position, in order to let Chirpey rescue him. The indignant Chirpey comes from his hiding-place, and gives his daughter's hand to Harold, who had already gained the heart of Florence. This main thread of the story of the new comedy is amusing throughout, and acted with great spirit and humour by Mr. Buckstone as 'Mr. Chirpey,' Mrs. Chippendale as his robust but nervous wife, Miss Amy Roselle as the fast and amazonian daughter 'Florence,' Mr. Kendal as the young Cantab and successful lover 'Harold Majoribanks,' and Mr. Home as the more mature and defeated diplomatic suitor 'Percy Centlivre.' There are numerous, indeed, too numerous, other characters, who, with the exception of an irritable old salt, 'Captain Broad-side,' late of the Indian navy, who is always writing to the *Times* to complain of grievances, and very artistically sketched by Mr. Rogers, have little to do, create no interest, and needlessly encumber the plot—though to a certain extent they give completeness and reality to the bustle and life, in the three very beautiful scenes by Messrs. Morris and O'Connor, in which the action is carried on. The first in the courtyard of the hotel at Chamouni; the second, an exquisite representation of the Grands Mulets, with Mont Blanc and the minor Alpine peaks in the distance; and the market-place of Chamouni, in the third act. These redundant characters alluded to, comprise Harold's and Percy's fathers, 'Dr. Majoribanks' (Mr. Chippendale) and 'The Earl of Osborne' (Mr. Braid), the latter's nephew and ward 'Young Lord Silverspoon' (Mr. Buckstone, jun.), whose long love-scenes with Florence's companion, 'Miss Jetsam' (Miss Helen Massey), are tedious, come to nothing, and ought to be excised, at least greatly curtailed; a seedy captain of Zouaves, who fastens the duel on Chirpey, represented by Mr. T. S. Jerrold, who made his first appearance in London and indicates some ability for character delineation, and a pedantic German professor, 'Herr Windbeutel' (Mr. Everill). Mr. Clark, as he always does, makes an artistic sketch of 'Fritz,' the loquacious head waiter at Swiss Hotel, of which Mr. E. Osborne, is the bustling and obsequious landlord; and Mr. W. Gordon is excellent as the Chamouni guide, 'Francois.'



SCENE FROM "PRIDE," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Drawn by W. BARNES.)



WHIT-MONDAY ON THE RIVER LEA.

The Drama.

WITHOUT any special deference to the holiday of Whitsuntide when erstwhile it was deemed essentially appropriate to produce new pieces as at Christmas and Easter, several novelties happen coincidentally to mark the festival this year. On Saturday at the Vaudeville, Mr. Reece's extravaganza *Ruy Blas Righted*, gave place to an entirely new, original, and Scott-free-and-easy burlesque, entitled *Here's Another Guy Mannering, or the Original Heir Restorer*, from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, who seems of late to be emulating the fertility of production of Mr. Byron, though this latest specimen will by no means add to the reputation of the author of the Royalty success, *Black-Eyed Susan*. At the Haymarket, the long promised English adaptation of *Le Voyage de Mons. Perrichon*, under the title of *Mont Blanc*, by Mr. Henry Mayhew and his son, Athol, was produced on Monday, and on the same evening Mr. Frank Marshall's new comedy, *Brighton*, founded on the main incidents in Mr. Bransom Howard's American comedy, *Saratoga*, which has had considerable success in the United States, was brought out at the Court Theatre. Several of the outlying theatres, the managers of which, as a rule, are more conservative in their adherence to the old custom, have also produced new pieces for the Whitsun holidays. At the Marylebone, Mr. Cave celebrated the anniversary of his re-opening this theatre, with a performance, on Saturday, of the play of *The Stranger*, and a musical extravaganza, in which he sung a buffo scena by J. L. Hatton, and a patter song by Mr. H. S. Leigh. A new romantic drama, founded on Harrison Ainsworth's tale of "The Plague and Fire of London," was produced on Monday, under the title of *Old St. Pauls*. At the Grecian, *Hand and Glove; or, Page Thirteen of the Black Book*, is the title of the new domestic drama, written by George Conquest and Paul Merritt, to which is added a new ballet burlesque, entitled *Blue Beard*. The holiday programme at the Britannia, comprises a new historical drama by Mr. Hazlewood, entitled *Lady Jane Gray*, and a new musical eccentricity, adapted by Mr. Akhurst from *Les cent Vierges*, under the title of *To the Green Isles Direct*; and Mr. Morris Abrahams treats his holiday patrons at the Pavilion, with a new drama by Mr. Towers, called *The Millionaire*. In addition to these novelties, which shall severally be fully noticed, Mr. Farnie's very amusing and ludicrous extravaganza, *Eldorado*, after a lengthened and successful run, has been withdrawn from the bills of the Strand, and in its place, the same author's still more merry and entertaining *Nemesis* has been revived, and with its smart dialogue, gay music, extravagant situations, and the irresistibly droll acting of Messrs. Terry, Marius, and Cox, promises fairly a prolonged renewal of the popularity which attended its first production.

On Saturday night terminated the engagement of Mr. Toole at the Globe, where that universally popular comedian made his last appearance in London, previous to his departure for America, which takes place in about six weeks, after a farewell tour in the provinces. The performances consisted of Mr. Albery's comedy of *Wig and Gown*, in which Mr. Montague, reciprocating the friendly aid Mr. Toole afforded him in appearing at his recent benefit at the Surrey, sustained on this occasion the small part of 'Dr. Dallet, Q.C.,' the plaintiff's counsel; followed by Mr. Toole's burlesque lecture, and imitations of London actors, after which Mr. Toole delivered a brief and graceful valedictory address to the audience, acknowledging in earnest and feeling terms the unvarying kindness and support which had been extended to him ever since he made his *début* in London at the Lyceum, not only by the public, but also by the managers of theatres, and his professional brothers and sisters. Mr. Montague subsequently addressed a few and happily expressed sentences, eulogistic of Mr. Toole's talent as an artist, and generosity in private life. The popular farce of *Ici On Parle Français* concluded the programme. After the departure of the audience, a farewell supper was provided on the stage, at which the members of the company, and several distinguished literary and artistic friends assembled, and Mr. Toole's health and prosperity were proposed in an eloquent speech by Mr. Montague. The theatre is now occupied by the Opera Bouffe Company from the Gaiety, with the addition of Mlle. D'Anka, for a series of representations, for five weeks, of the marvellously popular *La Fille de Madame Angot*, under the direction of Mr. Hollingshead, which commenced on Monday, Mlle. D'Anka sustaining the rôle of 'Mlle. Lange,' and Miss Constance Loseby that of 'Clairette.' The Surrey, after a week's interregnum, re-opened on Monday with Mr. Halliday's Olympic drama, *Little Em'ly*, for which Mr. S. Emery is specially engaged to sustain his original part of 'Dan'l Peggotty,' and Mr. and Mrs. Billington have returned from the provinces, and appeared during the week at the Standard, in conjunction with Miss Ellen Meyrick in their original characters in the Adelphi dramas of *Rough and Ready*, and *Smoke*.

Tom Taylor's highly successful historical drama *Clancarty*, with Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Fowler, and the whole of the Olympic cast, was represented at the Gaiety *matinée* on Saturday; *Généviève de Brabant* was given at the Opera Comique; and the first morning performance took place at the Criterion, consisting of *An American Lady*, and the extravaganza of *Normandy Pippins*. We regret that through an inadvertent error the arrangements at the Lyceum were incorrectly set forth in our summary last week. The representations of *The Bells* have been continued during this week, instead of having terminated the previous Friday; Miss Isabel Bateman's first benefit takes place to-night, when Mr. Hamilton Aidé's successful drama *Philip*, with Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Clayton, and Miss Isabel Bateman, in their original characters, will be performed for the only time this season, and Mr. Henry Irving will recite (for the first time) a descriptive poem by Mr. Edwin Atherstone, entitled "The Last Days of Hercules." The historical play of *Charles I.*, the second of Mr. Bateman's revivals of Lyceum successes, will be reproduced on Monday evening next, with Mr. Irving and Miss Isabel Bateman in their original characters of the 'King' and 'Queen,' and Mr. Clayton as 'Cromwell.'

At the Opera Comique, *La Fille de Madame Angot* was given on the first three evenings in the week—Thursday and last night were devoted to the benefit of Mr. Charles Morton, *Généviève de Brabant* and the second act of *La Fille de Madame Angot* being represented on both evenings—and the season here closes to-night, as the company proceed at once on a tour in the provinces, appearing on Monday night next at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham. On Saturday next the theatre will be re-opened by M. Humbert, Director of the Theatre Fantaisies Parisiennes, Brussels, who first introduced Lecocq's now famous opera *La Fille de Madame Angot* to England at the St. James's, last year, and who now brings his company to give a series of representations of Lecocq's last new opera, *Girofla Girofla* at the Opera Comique. At the French plays at the Princess's, Mlle. Favart has appeared in *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*, and *Le Postscriptum* on Monday and Tuesday, and terminated her engagement on Wednesday, when she took her leave in two acts of *Le Sphinx*, *La Nuit de Mai*, and *Le Postscriptum*. M. Got made his *entré*e on Thursday in *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, which was again given last night, and will be repeated this evening. M. Got appears in *Mercadet* on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, next week.

Clancarty, by the Olympic company, will be repeated at the Gaiety *matinée* to-day, and *La Fille de Madame Angot*, for the last time, at the morning performance at the Opera Comique.

The attractiveness of *Clancarty* at the Olympic, the *School for Scandal* at the Prince of Wales's, *The Prayer in the Storm* and *Magic Toys* at the Adelphi, *An American Lady* and *Normandy Pippins* at the Criterion, *Progress and Vert Vert* at the St. James's, *La Fille de Madame Angot* at the Philharmonic, and *Archie Lovell* at the Royalty, still continue undiminished, while at the Gaiety Charles Mathews still draws crowded audiences to witness his unique and highly-finished assumptions in *Married for Money* and *The Critic*, the latter of which will be replaced next week by Mr. Gatherwood.

The proprietors of the summer gardens for *al fresco* amusements have been unusually active this year in providing abundance of attractions for the Whitsun holidays. Foremost amongst these is Mr. Baum, who, in addition to the already varied series of entertainments at Cremorne, has produced Mr. Burnand's famous Royalty burlesque of *Black-Eyed Susan*, most admirably represented, and a new grand ballet, entitled *Marguerite la Bouquetière*, supported by Mlle. Pertoldi, from the Grand Opera, Paris, as *première danseuse*, and a numerous corps of graceful *coryphées*.

Mr. Holland, "the people's caterer," has engaged a host of popular comic and serio-comique vocalists for extra concerts, and the great Lupino troupe for a new serio-comique ballet, entitled *Mephistopheles*, and other additions to the numberless entertainments at the North Woolwich Gardens; and the far-famed "place to spend a happy day," Rosherville Gardens, at Gravesend, opened for the season on Whit-Monday, with a gigantic programme of amusements, under the directorship, for the second year, of Mr. Robert Fort. Independently of the varied amusements provided, comprising an instrumental concert, dancing on the Rosary Platform and in the Baronial Hall, a comic ballet and a new extravaganza, entitled *Young Amy Robsart; or, the Earl who wanted change for a Sovereign*, the grounds of Rosherville are so extensive and so diversified and charmingly laid out in profusion of flower beds and picturesque walks, that they alone fully justify the description of its being the "place to spend a happy day."

** Owing to pressure on our space our weekly record of PROVINCIAL THEATRICALS has unavoidably been left over.

THE VAUDEVILLE.

THE new "Scott-free-and-easy burlesque," *Here's Another Guy Mannering; or, The Original Heir Restorer*, produced here on Saturday evening, cannot be placed among Mr. Burnand's successful "Happy Thoughts." Except for the names of the personages of the travesty, there is little to identify it with the most familiar of Sir Walter Scott's romances, and although the dialogue abounds with smart sayings, audacious jokes, and witty allusions, the only fun of the piece is created by, and arises from, the drollery and genuine burlesque acting of Mr. T. Thorne, as the scheming attorney 'Gilbert Glossin,' and Mr. David James, as the smuggler, 'Dirk Hatterick.' The former, in the first of the three scenes into which the burlesque is divided, displays his proficiency as the prince of grotesque dancers, portraying Gilbert in his cups with marvellous humour, sings a tipsy topical song in the most amusing manner, and in relating the story of the abduction of the child Henry Bertram, parodies very cleverly the manner and tone of Mr. Irving's recital of a tragic poem. Mr. James first appears in the second scene, and in so wonderful a make up as a bulky Dutch smuggler, that he is only recognisable by his voice, when in a humorous chant he tells his own story, "e'en from his boyish days;" after a good deal of amusing fooling, he is joined by Meg Merrilies, converted into a young and attractive Bohemian girl, and very gracefully represented by Miss C. Richards, and they both join in a wild dance in imitation of the "Quaker Dancers" some time since so popular at the Gaiety. In the third scene only, Mr. Thorne and Mr. James appear together, and after singing a comic duet of the "Two Vagabonds," join in a terrific melodramatic combat—first with swords, then in a scrimmage, tearing off each other's outer garments, and finally applying this process to their hair, until both combatants are as bald as scarecrows, and fall prostrate from exhaustion. Of the other characters, Miss Kate Bishop, as 'Henry Bertram,' generally known as 'The Wandering Heir,' looks charming in her becoming costume, and acts and dances with infinite grace and refinement, without a tinge of the brazen vulgarity which is too often the characteristic of modern burlesque favourites. 'Colonel Guy Mannering,' turned into an officer of the Black Watch, just returned from Ashantee, is agreeably represented by Miss Nelly Waters, and a duet between these two ladies was so pleasingly rendered on Saturday evening, as to meet with a well-deserved encore. 'Julia Mannering,' as fashioned by Mr. Burnand into a somewhat fast young lady of the Amazonian species, rather over-addicted to flipping the back and legs of poor 'Gilbert Glossin,' with her horsewhip, is impersonated with great vivacity and graceful spirit, by Miss Marie Rhodes; and Miss Lizzie Russell does the little she has to do, as 'Lucy Bertram,' with graceful *naïveté*. The burlesque is well put on the stage; the music, composed and judiciously selected by Mr. Nicholson, is attractive; and it is worth seeing alone for the spirited and genuinely artistic acting of Messrs. Thorne and James in the two leading characters. Mr. Albery's comedy, *Pride*, still forms the leading feature in the programme.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Lucrezia Borgia was produced last week for the *reentrée* of Signor Campanini, who re-appeared in the character of 'Gennaro'—the first which he performed in this country. Since last season, Signor Campanini has played during several months in America, where he made a great success. He has returned to us with considerably increased power of voice, and with a better style of acting; and his reception on this occasion proved that he is an established favourite with a large portion of the musical public. He sings with real dramatic power; and the quality of his voice is sympathetic and agreeable. In the absence of really great tenors, he must be welcomed as a tenor of more than *mediocre* quality; but that he should ever become a first-rate tenor himself is hardly to be hoped. Despite abundance of good critical advice, kindly administered, Signor Campanini persists in producing his high notes—or, indeed, we may say, the entire upper half of his compass—in a "throaty" manner. This defect, which is rare among Italians, is the result of bad teaching. A good teacher always watches the manner in which his pupil employs his vocal organs; and when he finds the pupil begin to sing "throatily," he knows that the tongue is out of its proper place, and compels the pupil to keep it at the bottom of the mouth. Tenor singers are especially liable to fall

into this defect, from their anxiety to produce powerful high notes. They effect this by diminishing the cavity of the mouth; and any one who looks at Signor Campanini, while singing loud high notes, will observe that his tongue is elevated almost to the roof of his mouth. Habits of this kind are difficult to cure; but with patience and perseverance they may be entirely eradicated, and it is much to be regretted that an artist, otherwise good as Signor Campanini, should not devote himself earnestly to the removal of a defect, which must prevent him from attaining the highest rank in his art. His conception of the rôle of 'Gennaro' was intelligent, and his rendering graceful. His singing was often highly meritorious; although at times it was characterised by questionable taste. He sang the charming ballata, "Di pescatore ignobile" in admirable style, until he reached the last line. In the previous lines Gennaro has recounted the chief events of his life, and has told Lucrezia Borgia (who learns from his narrative that Gennaro is her own son, but who dares not confess so much) that his unknown mother had sent him the equipage of a knight, but had warmly entreated him never to seek to discover her name. The narrative is charming for its simplicity, and the melody attached to it is simplicity itself. In the concluding line Gennaro says simply,—

"Ed obbedita io l'ho!"
("And I have obeyed her!")

And this line should be delivered, and always has been delivered, by every great artist who has sung the part, without ornament of any kind. But Signor Campanini thought fit to indulge in vocal gymnastics, and to introduce a cadenza, utterly out of character with the quiet and simple melody, concluding with a commonplace noisy ending. He also, on several occasions, fell into the too prevalent but vicious habit of taking breath without reference to the sense. We have no wish to be censorious for the sake of fault-finding, and of Signor Campanini in many respects we think highly; but it appears to us to be injurious to art that the errors of artists should pass unnoticed; and we feel sure, that if art-criticisms in general were less characterised by a desire to "make things pleasant," and were more conspicuous for candour, tempered by kindness, it would be better, not only for art, but artists—and better, very much better, for the public. Signor Campanini was well received; but we hope to see him obtain still greater success hereafter, by a more legitimate display of the many fine qualities with which he is endowed.

Mlle. Titiens, in the title character, fully maintained her great reputation, and there is probably no other artiste living who could play it even half so well; and although her voice occasionally betrayed signs of fatigue, her singing was for the most part superb. The 'Maffio Orsini' was Madame Trebelli, whose singing and acting were alike admirable, and elicited the heartiest applause. Signor Rota's impersonation of the 'Duke Alfonso' was excellent. Signor Costa was an ineffective 'Gubetta,' and the quarrel scene of the last act was rendered ludicrous by his tameness. While Trebelli, as 'Maffio Orsini,' was struggling violently to break away from the arms of peace-making friends, Signor Costa kept his eye steadily on the conductor's *bâton*, and seemed to think it was sufficient for him to take up his "cues" at the right moment, without making any effort to justify his two friends in holding his peaceful wrists. The other minor parts were well played; the choruses and instrumental accompaniments were excellent, and Sir Michael Costa's conducting deserved the warmest praise.

Catarina was repeated on Saturday last; *Le Nozze di Figaro* on Monday, *Lucrezia Borgia* on Tuesday, *Marta* on Thursday. To-night *Faust* is to be repeated for the *reentrée* of Madame Christine Nilsson as 'Margherita.'

Balfe's posthumous opera, under its Italianised title, *Il Talismano*, is in active rehearsal, and is underlined for speedy production.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE activity displayed at Covent Garden is really "prodigious." Three fresh operas per week are regularly produced; and since the commencement of the season some thirty operas have been performed. Whether operas thus hastily rehearsed can receive full justice, and whether choristers can retain the brightness of their voices when called on to rehearse every day for several hours, besides singing five nights per week, may be open to doubt. But the large resources of the Royal Italian Opera, so far as principal artists are concerned, and the fact that with two conductors it is possible to carry on two rehearsals simultaneously in different parts of the building, have thus far enabled the management to present their operas in a satisfactory manner. The three most recent reproductions were Weber's *Der Freischütz*, Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, and Verdi's *Ernani*.

Der Freischütz was well, though not strongly, cast. M. Faure appeared as Caspar. So good an artiste could not fail to make an effect in this highly dramatic part, and M. Faure's singing and acting were worthy his reputation. It is not to be concealed, however, that his voice is no longer what it has been; and that he has not sufficient power for the music of Caspar. This was made conspicuously evident in the famous "Drinking Song;" and in other portions of the opera the vocal power of the artiste was insufficient to enable him to do justice to his conceptions. The same remark applies to Signor Bettini.—Mlle. D'Angeri was the 'Agatha,' and Mlle. Bianchi 'Annetta.' The former young lady sang well, and acted with considerable power, but was badly costumed, and appeared to less advantage than usual. Mlle. Bianchi made a good impression. Her acting is lively, and her voice agreeable. The minor characters were satisfactorily performed;—but the honours of the evening fell to the choristers, who sang admirably throughout the opera, and were compelled to repeat the "Huntsman's Chorus." The overture also was repeated, despite some unsatisfactory passages by the horns;—and although the opera was not conspicuous for any display of individual excellence, the general effect was good, thanks chiefly to the care and ability displayed by the conductor, Signor Bevilacqua.

Auber's *Crown Diamonds*, produced with Italian recitatives by Signor Vianesi, in place of the original spoken dialogue, afforded to Madame Patti an opportunity of displaying her vocal and dramatic powers to remarkable advantage in the character of "Catarina." She could not have been better fitted with a part, if written expressly for her; and we have reason to know that it was at the suggestion, and by the wish of Auber himself that this incomparable artiste undertook to play the heroine of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, in an Italianised version. The success which attended her first appearance in the character, last season at Covent Garden, was brilliant in the extreme, but fault was found with the manner in which the opera was produced; Signor Vianesi having introduced a quantity of his own and other music, for the purpose of conciliating many of the artistes who took part in the performance, and who insisted on having solos. The critical objections made at the time have borne fruit; and this season the opera has been relieved from the incongruous *incubi* which weighed it down previously; the only interpolation being a *ronda finale* from an opera by Auber himself,—*Simon de Leicester*,—sung by Patti at the end of the opera, according to the precedents established by Charton-Demeur, Louisa Pyne, and other celebrated artistes. It will be remembered that the plot of the opera turns on the adventures of a youthful

Queen of Portugal whose "Crown Diamonds" have been parted with, for reasons of state, and who is seen in the first act disguised in peasant costume, and exercising absolute sway over a band of coiners, who are occupied in fabricating imitations of the lost "Crown Diamonds;" in the second act, as the Countess di Villalor, "an *élégante*, who is compelled, by the breaking down of her travelling carriage, to take shelter in the country house of the stupid Portuguese prime minister, Campo Mayor; and in the third act as the queen. In the last scene, she publicly gives her hand to Don Enrico de Sandoval, a young Portuguese nobleman, whose adventures have been mixed up with her own; and, in the original *libretto* by Scribe, the curtain is brought down on a fanciful *jeu de mots*. Enrico can hardly believe in his happiness, and when he asks Catarina if her declaration of affection for him is genuine, she points to the imitation coronet, and says that it is the only false thing about her ("Il n'y a que cela de faux!"). This is a capital termination to the play, when the original spoken dialogue is used; but a joke of this kind would be lost if sang in recitative, and Auber himself would most probably have acknowledged the advisability of substituting a musical climax in any Italian version of his opera.

Adelina Patti's singing, not only in this brilliant rondo, but also in the still more difficult "air with variations" of the second act, was something marvellous. The most intricate vocal passages were warbled without the slightest appearance of effort; and the beauty of her voice was equally well displayed in the highest and in the lowest notes. As for her acting, it was perfectly fascinating; and her 'Catarina' will henceforth take rank among the most admirable impersonations in her varied *répertoire*.

Madame Sinico-Campobello on this occasion made her first (announced) appearance since her recent marriage, and was warmly greeted. She was in excellent voice, and her impersonation of 'Diana' was, both vocally and histrionically, one of the best we ever saw. She seconded Madame Patti admirably in the famous Bolero duet, and shared the honours of the double encore which it obtained. The male characters were by no means well performed. Signor Bettini had little chance of displaying his vocal abilities, and his acting was ineffective. Signor Ciampi was the dullest possible 'Rebolledos,' and would do well to go to the Crystal Palace, the next time the *Crown Diamonds* is played there, in order to see how much is made of this really excellent comic part, by a genuine comedian, Mr. Henry Corri. Signor Sabater was a most mournful 'Sebastian,' and Signor Tagliacchi (for a wonder) failed to infuse comic effect into his impersonation of the pompous 'Campo Mayor.' Fortunately, the charming performances of Patti and Sinico, were in themselves sufficient to ensure the success of the opera; and the delicious orchestration received full justice from the able instrumentalists, under the direction of Signor Vianesi.

Ernani, one of the best works of Verdi, was produced on Tuesday last, with Adelina Patti as 'Elvira,' in which character she appeared for the first time last season, with great success. Since then, she has evidently continued to study the character, and her impersonation is now as near perfection as possible. It has been urged that, as a *soprano teggiere*, Madame Patti should refrain from attempting characters which call for tragic power; but to us it seems absurd to contend that tragic characters should only be played by *sopranos* who possess stentorian voices, who are of gigantic stature, and who weigh fifteen stone. The objection is confuted by the successful performance of Adelina Patti on Tuesday last. Her acting was not only full of pathos, but occasionally rose to sublimity—notably in the scene where she snatched from the hands of 'Gomez' the dagger which he was about to plunge in the breast of 'Ernani'—rushed at 'Gomez' with the determination of stabbing him, and fell back, vanquished by emotion. The terrible reality of her acting in this scene cannot easily be forgotten. So far as vocalisation was concerned, it would be difficult to imagine anything nearer perfection than her rendering of "Ernani, involami"; and in the concerted music her clear bright voice rang out like a silver trumpet. Judging from the manner in which all dramatic and vocal requirements were met by her on Tuesday last, there can be no doubt that Adelina Patti is equally great in tragedy and comedy, and that this was the general opinion was attested by the bursts of enthusiastic cheering which rewarded her splendid performance.

Signor Nicolini appeared to great advantage as 'Ernani,' and sang his music in an unexaggerated and artistic manner worthy high praise, while his acting was admirable. M. Maurel undertook the rôle of 'Don Carlos' for the first time, and made a great success. The "Veni Meco" was beautifully sung, and throughout the opera this admirable artist's performance was, both vocally and dramatically, of the highest order of excellence. Signor Bagagiolo sang splendidly in 'Ruy Gomez' and acted with great dignity and power. The minor parts were well played, and the orchestral accompaniments (in which the first flute, Mr. Radcliff, bass clarinet, Mr. Maycock, and violoncello, Mr. E. Howell, specially distinguished themselves) were performed in a manner which reflected great credit on the fine orchestra, and its able conductor, Signor Beignani.

On Monday last *William Tell* was repeated, on Thursday *Lucia*, last night *Il Barbiere*. *Faust* is announced for to-night, and *Don Giovanni* for Monday next.

ANGLING ON WHIT-MONDAY ON THE LEA.

ANGLERS are an irrepressible body. Like their own cork floats, there is no keeping them under. If a "bit of fishing" is to be had, they must have it. When then so appropriate a time for the indulgence of a harmless mania as on a holiday, made and provided? The Thames, however, by its Bye-Laws being closed to all but the trout fisher—that aristocrat of the feathered lure, who is presumed to have gone through great practice and enviable opportunities in acquiring his art—and the trout, themselves, but few and far between in that noble river, the army of rodsters that had looked so long towards Whit-Monday to wet a line, had but little choice in the reserve. Certainly, there was the Welsh Harp, but on such a day so great a blending of sports as is there to be met with, was not quite to the notions of a contemplative mind. Thorny Broad was better, and Wraybury possessed its attractions. But all these had their peculiar and especial regulations as to the taking of one fish and not another; and of all conditions the most objectionable, that of throwing back undersized fish—an undersized fish being an impossibility to catch, as a fish with a mouth large enough to take a bait has, from time immemorial, been adjudged by the holiday-angler, quite heavy enough to carry home. Under these circumstances there was nothing left but the Lea. Consequently, late on Sunday night, the great exodus turned its plodding steps towards the favourite stream of old Izaac, many reaching Broxbourne, the Rye House, and a few, Ware and Hertford on Shanks's-pony alone, to see the sun rise at three in the morning. Others contented themselves with Lea Bridge and Tottenham, Ponder's End and Waltham, while others got down by the Great Eastern Railway to the spots of their endearment. Thus many hundreds—nay, we might safely say thousands, visited these sedgy banks, and were to be seen seated "all of a row" upon their peculiarly square shaped baskets, in endless perspective in the straighter portion of the river's course, as far as the eye could reach. The morning was brilliant, and there-

fore far from being one destined to a full and fitting sacrifice to the fish god—Dagon. Then what was their reward? Little else than fresh air and pike-like appetites, which up to noon all we met seemed compelled to be contented with, "What *could* they catch?" The roach had not recovered from their interesting *ac-couchement*, and were still as rough as nutmeg graters. They had no taste for paste, however delicately tinted with vermilion. They turned up their noses at the diet of worms, although as pink and semi-transparent as coral. Moreover they appeared to be as astonished at the offerings of the gentle maggot, as though they had never seen, much less refected to repletion upon such fare in their scaly existence. The perch were to be seen sailing about with their usually noble and defiant bearing, but they were equally fastidious, and although there were two or three juniors of this family to be seen ostentatiously displayed amongst the "takes," there existed a suspicious gaping of their mouths which however dumb, spoke of accidentally running against the hooks so thickly planted in the waters, or a preconscious inclination to suicide. What catches there were, however, did not occupy much room, and some of them would have been almost lost if concealed in a fob-pocket. Still there was as much as could have been expected on such a day and during the particular season, their easily satisfied owners returning home with lighter hearts than they set out with, the bleak which perhaps garnished the daily meal giving the captor ample opportunity of recounting how he got hold of a whopper, how it nearly pulled him in and made a widow of the patient listener, and—how it got away again.

But here a touch of journalistic conscientiousness nudges at our elbow. Truth to say, our experiences only serve us up to noon. Before that division of the day the only aspiration along the tow-path was for rain—"the water was so bright," "single hair looked like twine therein." How often this element was compared in its crystal purity to gin, figures would scarcely help me to describe. Still the universal feeling was for more water, perhaps to temper the spirit of the Lea. When—Jupiter and the Wagoner!—the air darkened, a muttering of thunder afar off was heard, some very suspicious and brimstone-coloured clouds were seen obstinately rolling against the wind, a flash of lightning, a little too close to be pleasant, lit up the whole array of rods and brought out their brass ferrules in strong relief, when crack—crash came a peal overhead and drops of rain, so long prayed for by this earnest congregation, came down like peas, and the whole surface of the water was converted into one area of aquatic spikes, in which the floats of the fishers danced about like dervishes. The scene, in a word, became terribly grand, a sudden gust of wind bending and twisting the alder trees as if *Aolus* would have cork-screwed them out of the earth, and—but where were the devotees who had erst supplicated for a deluge, declaring in their prayers they could not have too much of it! Where indeed—those shadowy vanishing forms in the distance could not be the same whose voices had been heard at the sluice gates of Heaven! Alas, too true, an angler is but mortal, and we found them not a *Whit* more philosophic and consistent on this Monday than other folk, but yet they ought to know better than to take jack, the baby bones of which are not set, and dace which might for size be worn as shirt studs. Such acts are painful to record, and of which we should have been happily ignorant, had we not picked up the evidences of the fact, which had been dropped during the flight of the stampede.

THE CHINA CHALLENGE CUP.

THE London, the oldest and most popular of all athletic clubs, has naturally past and present members in almost every quarter of the globe. Just now, several of them are in China, and, retaining pleasant remembrances of many a good afternoon's sport at Lillie-bridge, they sent home a very handsome challenge cup for competition. It is of "celestial" manufacture, and is of very elaborate workmanship, the national dragon being specially conspicuous. The distance for which it should be given, was left to the discretion of the committee, and 600 yards, with a limit of 40 yards, was fixed upon. It was first run for at the Autumn Meeting last year, when Neville Thursby, 36 yards start, won it, beating H. W. Hill (25), and four others. J. Potter (scratch) finished only three yards from the winner, and covered the full distance in 75½ seconds, which is within one-fifth of a second of the fastest amateur time on record. It had been originally intended that a fresh handicap should be made every time the Cup was run for, but at the beginning of this year it was decided that one handicap should be framed for the whole season, the winner to be penalised one-fourth of his start for each success, and the Cup to become the absolute property of any man carrying it off three times in the same year. At the First Spring Meeting, Thursby (36) was only opposed by G. F. Henderson (32), whom he defeated very easily; but on the next occasion his penalty proved too much for him, and H. O. Moore (35) had little difficulty in defeating G. F. Congreve (26) and five others. Our illustration represents the finish of the fourth competition at the recent Summer Meeting, when Congreve (26), by far the most improved man in training, (1) scored a very clever victory in 74½ secs.; P. R. St. Quintin (45), being second, and A. E. Ball (34) third. From this brief sketch it will be seen that the Cup has produced some very high-class performances, and we hope that other exiled members of the L. A. C. will follow the praiseworthy example of their brethren in China.

CLANCARTY by the Olympic company will be repeated at the Gaiety matinee to-day and *La Fille de Madame Angot* will be represented for the last time at the morning performance at the Opera Comique, where the season terminates to-night.

Mr. J. B. RAE, the popular actor, who will be remembered by many of our readers as the original burgomaster in *Geneviève de Brabant*, takes his benefit on Saturday the 20th June, at a morning performance at the Globe Theatre, when a varied programme will be presented, and a number of talented members of the profession, including Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Farren, and others, have volunteered their services on the occasion.

THE Grand National Steeple-chase of France was decided last Monday at Auteuil with the following result:

Mr. F. Bennett's Miss Hungerford, by Wamba—Lady Hungerford, aged, 11st 1lb	1
Mr. R. Hennessy's Marche Mail, aged, 11st 8lb	2
M. Baresse's Epave, aged, 10st 11lb	3

Won by two lengths. Eighteen ran. M. A. Lanfray's Dominus came in second, but was disqualified. The distance was 4 miles, and the Stakes £1200 added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each 12 ft. and 2 only if declared.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS need only a single trial to make known their capabilities. No outside sore, nor inward inflammation, can long withstand the cooling, purifying, and healing influences exerted by these twin medicaments. Be the mischief recent or chronic, great or slight, painful or simply annoying, it will succumb before the curative virtues of these noble remedies, which can be rightly applied by any person who will attentively read their accompanying directions, which are expressed in the plainest language, void of technical terms, and printed in the most legible characters. To the man of business, confined to his counting-house, and harassed by engagements, these Pills are invaluable; to the man of pleasure, addicted to free living, they are an incomparable boon.

THE LONDON SWIMMING CLUB AT THE SOUTH DOCK.

ON Saturday afternoon, May 16th, at the instigation of the East and West India Dock Company, a display of swimming was given by the members of the above Club, assisted by the *élite* of the swimming world, and, as will be seen from our illustrations on page 328, was largely attended for the purpose of inaugurating a branch club at the Docks for the company's employés. We suppose that this was done on the principle of prevention being better than cure, as the company's ledgers show serious items in the way of pensions to widows and orphans of servants accidentally drowned whilst upon the company's business; but we will accord to the secretary of the company, Col. Duplat Taylor, great praise for the *con amore* manner in which he has gone about inciting his men to acquire this useful and healthy accomplishment. The old Roman saying of a man being a fool who could neither read nor swim, might well be taken personally by many a well-developed athlete who has omitted this item out of his catalogue of acquirements, and we trust that the day will soon come when it will become a law as unchangeable as those proverbial laws of the Medes and Persians, that all youths should be taught swimming. The Registrar at Somerset House gives a Return of the cases of accidental drowning during a period of ten years, which on an average give 2354 per annum. But to return to the programme of the Fete, we were pleased to see so many thousands perched in every conceivable position on the rigging of the shipping, and on the poop deck of Mr. Brassey's Volunteer Training Ship a very select audience had assembled, who were particularly favoured in a sensational portion of the programme, when "Little Baker," as he is termed amongst his speedy brethren, took his very neat header from their midst, a distance of 33 feet, being but 2 feet less than Johnson essayed on his fraternal journey from London Bridge. The London Swimming Club has become a household word, by their gratuitous tuition in Swimming, as well as for their unweary efforts during a period of 15 years, having commenced in '59, in drawing public attention to this neglected portion of physical culture; its Honorary Swimming-masters are to be found wherever there is yeoman's work to be done, and none need paddle knee-deep close in-shore for want of tuition, for they offer it without money and without price, save that of a little patience and perseverance on the part of the pupil. The following programme was commenced most punctually at five o'clock, and successfully concluded by a quarter past six:—

100 Yards Swimming on the Breast.—J. Trudgeon, 1; H. Allen, 2; J. Moss, 3; nine starters; won easily by three yards; Trudgeon, the '74 wonder, led all the way in his peculiar style.

100 Yards Siamese Twin Handicap.—W. Tyler (Dummy) and H. Matthews, 1; eight starters; all the others, in consequence of the height from which they had to plunge, broke loose, and were not in the race.

500 Yards Handicap.—Harry Parker (Champion of London), 1; F. Whitby, 2; J. Bates, 3; fifteen starters; Parker caught his men early in the race by putting on a spurt, and landed an easy winner by five yards, after which he went through a gruelling called special feats of natation, which was particularly noticeable by the rapid manner in which he got out on the conclusion of his *répertoire*.

Charley White (ex-Champion of the Thames) undressed himself from out of a heavy suit of clothing, including a tight-fitting pair of jack-boots, which an obliging (?) waterman lent him to test the genuineness of the performance. That little wonder, Master C. J. Baker, dived from off the poop-deck of an old man-of-war. The boy made a most beautiful curve in the air, and struck the water so artistically as scarcely to disturb its surface.

The game of Ball and a Duck Hunt, in which Powker was caught under water by Tyler, the North London man, wound up a capital day's sport, in which Mr. J. G. Elliott officiated as M.C.

The bands of the 49th Middlesex R.V. and the company's band were in attendance.

The temperature of the water was 53 degrees, being quite 17 degrees colder than that of the water in ordinary plunge baths, which speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of the swimmers.

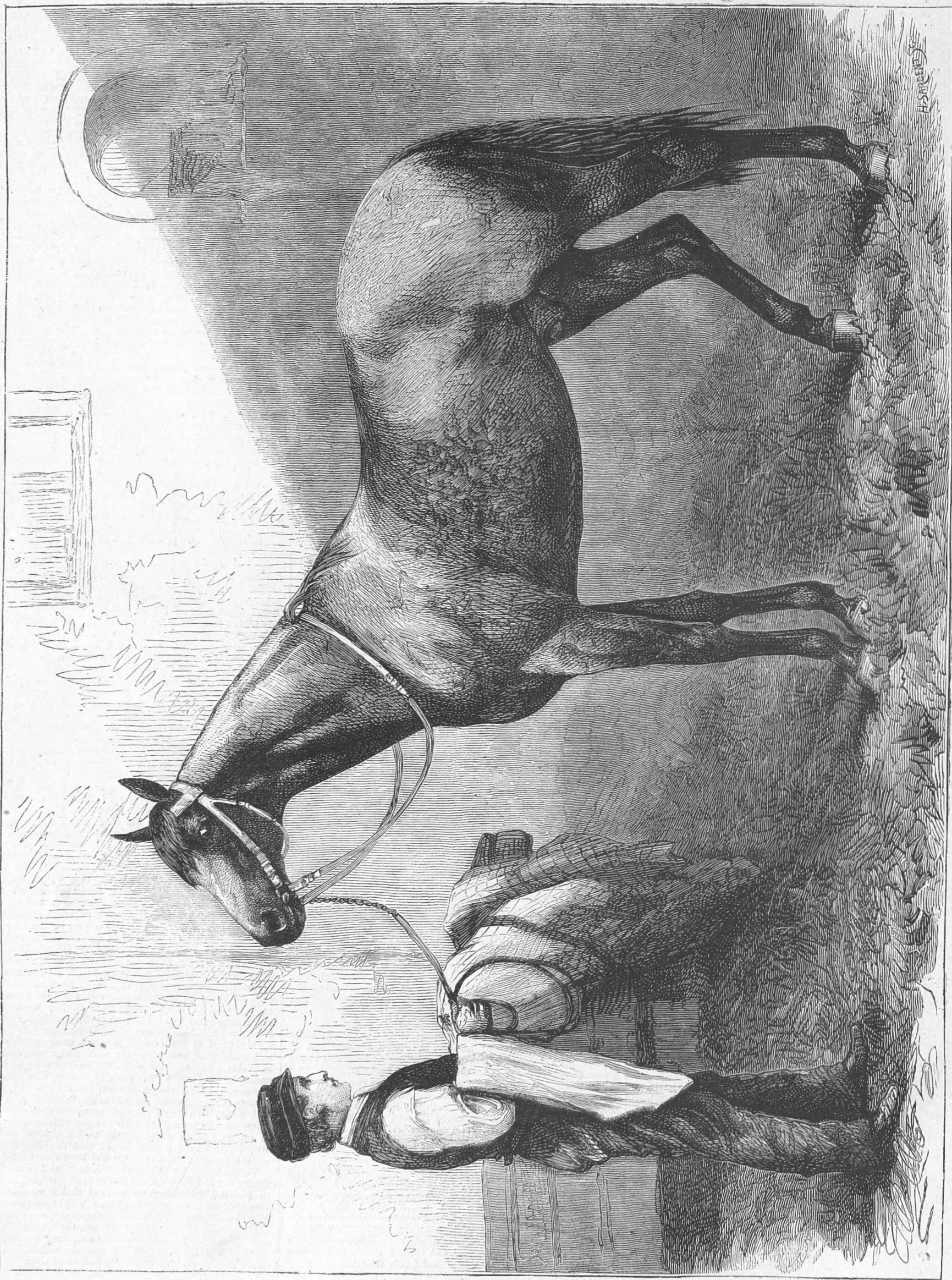
STUD FOX TERRIERS.

IN the present scarcity of really good stud terriers, and especially of those suitable to cross with bitches full of Trap and Jock blood, it is not surprising that Buffer is largely patronised by breeders, as he is of quite a different strain, being by the Marquis of Huntly's Bounce out of Trinket. Buffer is a white dog, slightly marked with light tan on the head, which is very long and well shaped. He has short straight legs, and very good feet; and, without being in the least coarse, is possessed of unusual bone and substance. His coat is nice and close, yet not too fine; indeed his ears are his only weak point, as they are unquestionably a little too large, and several of his stock show the same defect. That no dog has a finer temper we can state from personal knowledge, and we are informed that he is thoroughly game, a point to which many breeders very naturally attach the highest importance. Buffer has not had a very successful show career, for judges do not seem to take much to him, and, on two or three occasions, have passed him over for much inferior dogs; still there is some excuse for this, as he is a bad dog on a bench, and does not show at all to advantage. When he was the property of Mr. Gibson, of Brokenhurst, he appeared once or twice without success, and that gentleman sold him to his present owner, the Rev. F. W. de Castro, about eighteen months ago. Since then he has been exhibited four times, and was highly commended at the Crystal Palace, obtained a third prize at Burton-on-Trent, was unaccountably overlooked at Birmingham, and, this year, won a first prize and extra cup at Wolverhampton. As a sire, Buffer has been unquestionably successful, and among his stock that have distinguished themselves may be mentioned Boaster, Bounty, Damsel, and Buffet. Bounty is, to our mind, one of the nicest bitches at Brokenhurst, and Buffet won a first prize at the recent show at Kings Lynn. There are also several other good ones that have not yet appeared in public, and, on a recent visit to Mr. Gibson, we were much struck with Bustle, a young bitch that does Buffer great credit, and is entered in the Puppy Class at the Crystal Palace.

Young Tyke, by Tyke out of Nectar, and Young Gadfly, by Gadfly out of Nellie, are two of the most fashionably bred terriers in England, for though we are not at all partial to the Tartar blood, which the former gets through Tyke, it cannot be denied that the old dog has left some remarkably good representatives behind him in Tyke, Lille, Trumps, Guilty, &c. Young Tyke and Young Gadfly were, we believe, bred by Mr. Sale, who recently sold the latter to Mr. Lawson, and both have still to gain their laurels both as prize winners and sires.

MANUFACTURE OF COCOA.—"We will now give an account of the process adopted by Messrs. James Epps & Co., manufacturers of dietetic articles, at their works in the Euston Road, London."—See article in *Cassell's Household Guide*.—[ADVT.]

LIEBIG'S liquid extract of beef does not require cooking or warming. It is in the form of a foreign liquor; is composed of beef, brandy, and tonics. Sold by grocers and wine merchants as a high-class cordial or liqueur, and by druggists, as a superior nutritive tonic. Wholesale consignees, G. Gordon & Co., Italian warehousemen, 77, West Nile-street, Glasgow. [ADVT.]



"LORD CLIFDEN."

FATHERS OF THE ENGLISH STUD.

No. XI.—LORD CLIFDEN.

LORD CLIFDEN may be looked upon as one of the sensation horses of the last racing decade. We well remember his raw, overgrown appearance at Epsom, when he beat the Orphan by sheer gameness, the pair coming away by themselves from a widely scattered field. Time had not helped him much by the Champagne day at Doncaster, though it was odds on the "big'un" against Armagnac and John Scott's little favourite, Early Purl. He had a better lot to meet and a longer distance in the mile T.Y.C. on Thursday, but still Fordham got his head in front of Bohemia, and Queen Bertha had a foretaste of her St. Leger fate the next year. Lord Clifden stood steadily at the head of the winter Derby quotations, and went into retirement at Telscombe, followed by a whole army of touts, on whose labours, however, the astute Mr. Edwin Parr contrived to put an effectual break, so that nothing more than vague reports got about from time to time as to the progress of the St. Vincent bay. When at length he emerged from his retirement to throw down the gauntlet to Macaroni, and the company which had played second fiddle to the son of Sweetmeat in the Two Thousand Guineas, those who had taken liberties got frightened, and "Jock of Oran" felt it incumbent upon him to hedge some of the large amount laid against him. Thus he started first favourite for the great event, with those sublimely impostors, Hospodar and the Ghillie as his closest attendants in the betting, and "Mac" and "Sac" at ten to one each offered against their chances. The Derby day of 1863 was one of the wettest on record, and Tamboir Major delayed them so long at the post that many of the starters got worried and tired before the flag fell. There were plenty of them "in it" at the distance, but Blue Mantle declining to try a yard further and Rapid Rhone shutting up at the "bell," the issue of the combat was left to be decided between our hero and Macaroni, who just managed to do "Clifden" by a head, the latter changing legs in the last few strides. So sore was he and out of sorts with his struggle on the Wednesday, that when brought out to face Jarnicoton (or "Darning cotton" as the fielders facetiously nicknamed the Frenchman) for the Great Surrey Foal Stakes he could only give him 6lb and a head beating.

After this evidence of loss of form, not to be wondered at in so big a horse still requiring time to develop his frame and stamina, it was no wonder that the voyage across the Channel upset him still more, and he could hardly raise a gallop against The Ranger and La Touques in the Grand Prix of Paris, when Saccharometer and Donnybrook actually beat him in their places. After this there was nothing to do but to throw him up for a time and to prelude by easy work his Doncaster preparation. All the summer he went badly in the betting. The Ranger being favourite up to the York Meeting, and Queen Bertha and Golden Pledge coming in for a goodly share of public support. Fordham vowed he would eat him if he won, and he became despised and rejected of all the prophets and tipsters, excepting "Angur," who stood unflinchingly by his chance. Edwin Parr pitched into him an amount of work which would terrify some of the present school of trainers, and "Lord Freddy" was the lad who had the financial management for the stable. He was never tried before the St. Leger, but Edwin Parr was satisfied by the way in which he had got through his work, while the confidence of Lord St. Vincent and his friends was unbounded. It was good going at Doncaster that year, and Johnny Osborne orders not to be in a hurry with Lord Clifden, instructions which he faithfully carried out to the letter, too much so indeed, for the less confident of his backers, who threw up their hands when they saw their pet disappear over Rose Hill some fifty yards behind the rest of the field. Between that point and the Rifle Butts many of them had begun to "come back" to the big'un, and between that and the Red House, he was rapidly making up his lee way. Rounding the bend, he had a momentary struggle with the leaders, and

"Fitfully by gusts was heard
"He's sixth, he's fifth, he's fourth, he's third,"
And on, like an arrowy meteor flame,
The stride of the Derby "second" came."

But Borealis was rapidly shortening her stride, and Queen Bertha was "spun" to her last thread, when the distance had been reached, where "the best horse in the world" had it all his own way, and Fordham, who was an awful fourth on Golden Pledge, was recommended to carry out his threat of eating the winner, by "beginning at the tail." After this the Doncaster Stakes was an easy task for him, though he had to present Borealis with 10lb. 1864 was not so lucky a year for him, and it would have been well

if his Turf career had ended after his latest and greatest triumph. His "conformation" was not adapted to a hilly course, though on the flat his enormous stride told to the utmost advantage. Hence, when he came to cross blades with Rapid Rhone (whom he had so easily defeated in the Derby) over the "Ditch In" course at Newmarket he was rolling helplessly about in Osborne's hands at the site of the Old Duke's Stand, and Fordham once more had the laugh over his Derby mount. Nor did he redeem his blasted reputation in the Ascot Cup, for which he started nearly an equal favourite with his present near neighbour, the handsome Scottish Chief, with Johnny Osborne once more in the saddle. Again the hill told its old tale, and he even had to play second fiddle to the dapper Little Stag, who followed the Chief at a respectable six lengths distance past the post. Once more did he essay his luck in the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood, when another old opponent, the speedy King of Utopia, gave him the go-by, and left him to finish his Turf career somewhat ingloriously by a walk over for a sweepstakes. Thenceforward the Turf knew him no more, and he fared but moderately in the Prize Ring at the Agricultural Hall, before

some years past, and he generally gets his stock whole coloured bays like himself, or if chestnuts, of an entire colour without white. Winslow is perhaps his most handsome scion, but does not stay so well as his sire, while Hawthornden is shorter, and with less liberty about him. At Dewhurst he has an infinite variety of blood to experimentalise upon, but has not as yet exhibited a decided preference for any particular strain. His place in the list of winning stallions at the end of each season will be the best advertisement he can have, and a fine sample of his yearlings will be led out at Newmarket in July, when the games "behind the Ditch" are in course of celebration.

Lord Clifden commenced his racing career on Tuesday, June 3rd, 1862, at the Epsom Summer Meeting, where, ridden by G. Fordham, he won the Woodcote Stakes, beating The Orphan, the colt by Windhound out of Elcot's dam, and twelve others. He had been tried so highly, that the very short odds of 6 to 4 was taken about him, and such was the rush to back him, that had any delay occurred at the starting-post, he would have started with odds on him; and this confidence he justified by

winning in a canter, and the fact of his having so easily defeated The Orphan, at once induced Lord St. Vincent to become his purchaser. His second appearance was for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, which, with odds on him, and again steered by G. Fordham, he won in a canter from Armagnac, Early Purl, and seven others; and this success he followed up on the following Thursday, by winning the Sweepstakes on the T.Y.C. (nearly a mile), but here he was run much closer than the layers of 5 to 2 on him bargained for, as he only succeeded in beating Bohemia by a head, while Queen Bertha was next, and four others beaten off. This race terminated his two-year-old performances.

Having retired to Telscombe, under the care of Edwin Parr, with his honours thick upon him, it was not surprising that he should have been the winter favourite for the Derby, but as the spring wore on, and the time for the decision of that great race approached, rumours of some mishap having befallen him spread abroad, causing no little uneasiness to his numerous backers, whose touts besieged his training-quarters. Their watching was, however, of no avail, for although it became subsequently known that he had slipped up, and hurt his round bone, which occasioned his absence from the training-ground for a few days, his place was supplied by the Irish horse Bellman, to whom he bore a general resemblance, which deceived the touts, and Lord Clifden remained first favourite to the close. A field of thirty horses opposed him, and Macaroni bore off the honours of the day by a head, though many to this day aver that he never quite got up. But the truth is, Lord Clifden was not, owing to the accident above alluded to, quite wound up, and his condition failing, caused him to falter in the few last strides, which gave the victory to a good horse, but one hardly so good as Lord Clifden. On the following Friday he placed the Surrey Foal Stakes to his owner's credit, only succeeding however in beating his only opponent, Jarnicoton, to whom he gave 6lb, by a head. He was

next taken to Paris, and on the 31st of May, nine days after he had run at Epsom, he was brought out to contend on the Bois de Boulogne for the Grand Prix, but a bad sea passage, and the severity of the race for the Derby, had so unfitted him for the contest, that he figured most ingloriously in the race, which fell to The Ranger, with La Touques second, and Saccharometer third. He had now some fair play given him, as he was not again pulled out until the St. Leger, which furnished one of the most memorable contests on record. He was for a long time first favourite for it, but, just as previous to the Derby, adverse rumours caused him, at the preceding Warwick races, to be laid against as if he was dead. And then the same parties that laid against him, brought him back again, and he started first favourite with 100 to 30 against him, while it ought to have been odds on him. The directions how to ride him given by Edwin Parr to his jockey, John Osborne; how he got off last, and how in the running he was so far behind that 1000 to 10 was repeatedly offered against him; and yet how by his extraordinary stride, and his jockey's wonderful patience, he at length achieved the victory, has already been told in these pages in our memoir of John Osborne, and need not be here repeated. To the St. Leger he, on the following Friday, added the Doncaster Stakes, in which, with 2 to 1 on him, he beat Borealis, National Guard, Newchurch, and the Fiancee, which terminated his three-year-old performances.

In 1864, Lord Clifden showed early in the year that he no longer retained his three-year-old form, for at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, with 4 to 1 on him, he suffered a signal defeat for the Claret Stakes, which was effected by Rapid Rhone, whom he had beaten so cleverly in the Derby. Nor was he more fortunate in his second essay that year, which was for the Gold Cup at Ascot, as he never held a prominent place in the race.



THOS. GEE, ESQ.

Mr. Thompson adopted him at Moorlands, and old Doncaster memories caused the Tykes to rally round his standard. He was dear to them too for his Newminster and Melbourne blood, and many of the Belgravian mothers flocked to his haras. Like many other good horses he began moderately, which may be considered a lucky thing for a stallion, whose early successes generally involve subsequent over-patronage and abuse of constitution. He was just in his prime when Mr. Gee brought him South, where his services have been in increased demand year by year, and Hawthornden and Wenlock have further immortalised his name in connection with the great race of the North. Winslow, too, has well sustained the family renown, which Ringwood did not altogether disgrace, and which Miss Toto and Lady Patricia may bring into further notice. At Dewhurst he lives the life of a king, with a magnificent suite of apartments to himself, and next door to his old opponent, Scottish Chief, whom a long list of winners has made well-nigh as famous as the Lord of the Harem himself. Lord Clifden is the biggest, as he proved himself to be the best, of Newminster's sons, but has inherited perhaps more of the Melbourne character than that beautiful quality for which his sire was so conspicuous. He measures nearly 16½ hands high, and covers an immense deal of ground. His head is somewhat plain, with large but not "loppy" Melbourne ears, and a full and peculiarly expressive eye. He is just a trifle too long in the back for perfection, but has great depth of girth, abundance of muscle on arms and thighs and bone enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur. He stands rather high on the leg, but his hocks are well let down, and he is good both to meet and to follow. In colour he is a deep bay, with the blackest of points, and without one atom of white about him. He is a most generous tempered and docile animal, and is judiciously kept more like a walking stallion than a prize beast at the Agricultural Hall. His subscription has been full for

"Strictly practising salaams by the way, we were ushered

As to the everlasting dispute about deterioration in horse flesh, which, like Banquo's ghost, is perpetually intruding itself upon our notice; we heartily hope it may be finally settled, or at any rate shelved for a time, when Mr. Chaplin's motion shall come before the House next month. Irish and Scotch members will then have another opportunity of blowing off their superfluous steam, and we look forward to an amusing debate on a question which no two people appear at present to be agreed upon. Scotland might indeed gracefully stand aloof from the discussion, inasmuch as beyond Clydesdales and Shetlands she possesses no breed of horses, either to deteriorate or to improve; but she is not likely to stand by in silence, so long as she can apply her notions of economy and thrift to Irish matters. Ireland must admit that, whether owing to her system of breeding or racing, she has been unable to hold her own for many years past, and that Sarsfield and Kilmore have been but sorry substitutes for Faugh-a-Ballagh or The Baron. Consequently, the pot and kettle encounter is likely to afford some amusement if not instruction, and we commend a study of the subject to the honourable member

Messenger into the presence-chamber of the Sultan himself. His palace surrounds an open yard, the buildings enclosing which are devoted solely to the Father of the Faithful's use, and rival 'Blair's' domestic arrangements at Fairfield in the olden time. His throne-room lies open towards the south, and opposite is the alcove where, in a bed of well-watered clay, the majestic cools his feet, 'his custom of an afternoon' in the summer months. Had his sire been thus indulged, who can say he might not have been spared to us yet, and his fearfully and wonderfully made shoes unexhibited in a London thoroughfare? Next to the Imperial bath is his sleeping chamber, strewn with the softest tan, and ventilated according to the most scientific principles; and in each apartment light is furnished from home supplies. We had not set eyes on that lengthy frame, wonderful quarters, and unmistakable Melbourne head since the crowning day when he lay so far behind his Leger field with Jarnicot, and came through his horses in such marvellous style ere the Red House had seen well-nigh the whole fleet hang out signals of distress. 'A trifle high on the leg,' was the verdict of one of our best judges on that September afternoon; but we can forget that, and other small failings besides, if we stay long enough to take in thoroughly the good points crowding in endless profusion upon us. And as he has been seen and talked of and written about a score of times, and described as minutely as a royal drawing-room 'less in the Morning Post, why should we linger any longer before him, except to take in more and more the excellences of the best and biggest of Newminster's sons? Our mite of praise cannot enhance his fame, and we cannot flatter one who has shown himself to be beyond flattery. We leave him putting out his tongue for a friendly shake, and raise the curtain that veils the beauties of his seraglio.

"All breeders have their little 'fads' and fancies, and it is lucky that none of them see any other royal road to success except the one along which he is proceeding. Mr. Gee's penchant is for Stockwell mares, and half-a-score of them may be seen roaming at their own sweet will among his sunny pastures. Virtue, heavy in foal to that sterling little horse, King of the Forest; Stockade, Emily, and Lady Augusta, in foal to Lord Clifden; Repulse, wonderfully fined down since her retirement to the Stud, and bearing a Parmesan burden; and Miss Grimston and Baroness, hardly looking as if they had benefited by Trumpeter's attentions. Lord Lyon has been deemed the proper cross for the two neat Newminster mares, Lady Dewhurst and Cellina, while Cerintha has smiled upon Lord Clifden; a bold experiment in breeding, the issue of which we shall await with some anxiety. Orlando is represented by Cassidia, Little Lady, and Precise, all well-known bearers of the once-famous blue and black belt, and all showing that wonderful quality which made their sire's box a reception-room for fond admirers on the sale days at Hampton Court. The chances of Voltigeur mares, which they should make haste to avail themselves of, will never be greater than here, and Ammunition, Cassiope, Devotion, Dulcibella, Lady Ravensworth, and Potash, are a goodly lot to experimentalize upon. Not that we mean to designate them altogether as *corpora vitia*, but it is quite evident that the right cross for matrons thus bred has not yet been ascertained. Yet if we run our finger down the long list of Voltigeur mares in the *Stud-book* we shall find (with one or two notable exceptions) that their most successful mates have been Newminster and his kith and kin; and with his best representative close at hand, that day, long expected, long deferred, may come at last, when the accursed blood shall vindicate its offended majesty, and the cup so often dashed from the lips of devoted Tykes be theirs at last to enjoy, as a reward for their unswerving allegiance to the once mighty house of Blacklock.

"A breadth of autumn sunlight gilds the glowing landscape and lightens up our winding path to the little valley station far away among the trees. Like those whose privilege it has been to visit sovereigns in their retirement unfettered by Court ceremonies and unhampered by all the dreary formalities which conventionality demands, so have we paid our court to 'Lord and Laird,' not in crowded paddock levée, where peer and laffer rub shoulders in the struggle for a peep at the crack—not in gay parade before royalty's glance ere the strife begins—not mixing in that garish crowd which escorts the victor back to scale—but in the calmer and more dignified seclusion of the paddock, where, 'like gods together, careless of mankind,' the warrior steeds find rest at last, forgetful of all the changes and chances which governed the current of their racing lives. Could they but 'confabulate' among themselves, what further insight might we not gain into the secrets of the sport, whose attributes are mystery to the many, and girt with an air of romance to all save that select few who have penetrated to its inmost depths! Now all is 'calm and deep peace on that high wold,' where the staid matrons, each with her precious burden, hold converse one with another in the warm corner under the lee of the hill, or stroll about with an air of importance well befitting their interesting state. In a few weeks all will be hurry and bustle with fresh arrivals, and large will be the Christmas gathering round 'Lord and Laird.' As for these two worthies, hours of idleness are well-nigh overpast, and their chamberlains are fast filling the reception books, containing the names of many an old friend, as well as of debutantes seeking a diploma of respectability as Stud matrons. Hawthornden, Wenlock, and Winslow are the brightest jewels in the Lord's coronet; but the Laird's bonnet can boast a pearl of more surpassing lustre in the bonnie Queen who has inherited the beauty but not the misfortunes of her namesake, and whose successes have 'crowned the work' of an owner's lifetime devoted to sport, and as enterprising as blameless in its pursuit."

MISS KATE SANTLEY'S BENEFIT.—On Saturday next a fine performance will take place at the Gaiety for the benefit above favourite actress. This will be, as we believe, the first of Miss Santley's first appearance to her metropolitan and admirers; and as the programme is to be of a highly and attractive nature, the financial results of the representation will doubtless prove proportionate to the merits of the *beneficiaire*.

THEATRE.—*Heart's Delight* has been withdrawn at night, and Mr. Andrew Halliday's equally meritorious *Little* is taken its place. The cast is remarkably strong, in Mr. Emery ('Peggoty'), Mr. T. Shepherd ('Ham'), Mr. Inney ('Steerforth'), Mr. J. Thorne ('Micawber'), Miss Brereton ('Martha'), Miss Brereton ('Little Em'ly'), and Miss De ('Rose Dattle'). Mr. Sidney's 'Steerforth' is a manly imitation, and in its high artistic qualities almost equal to Mr. Dombey, which is saying volumes in its favour.

TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER.—To say that hundreds of maids, and widows look twenty years younger than they are in consequence of the complexional freshness derived from the use of HAZEL'S ROSA BALEM, is simply to state an absolute fact, which might be promptly verified by direct testimony if ladies were as willing to tell their ages as to use the best means of making themselves lovely. Nature sometimes, but very rarely, crowns the charm of perfect features with a complexion of exquisite clearness; but even then time soon begins to make inroads upon the velvet cheek, the fair white brow, the ivory bust, the rounded arm. To preserve the "glory of woman" unblemished, even after the meridian of life has been passed, it is only necessary to use daily the cooling, healthful vegetable preparation, which is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, at 3s. 6d. Depot: 114 & 116, Southampton-row, London.—(over.)

Cricket Notes.

By B. W.

ALTHOUGH we have arrived at the end of the deceitful month of May, we are only just beginning to get our cricket with the chill off. It is enough to make one shudder to think of those very early efforts at Lord's and The Oval, and cheering beyond measure, thunder and lightning notwithstanding, to feel that there is at length a fair prospect of enjoying the game out of doors. Presently, say the meteorologists, the clouds will clear away and, as a natural consequence, the three metropolitan grounds resume their wonted summer aspect. During the past ten days several events of interest have languidly disturbed the serenity of the cricket world. The Australian Twelve have returned, not overburdened with glory, and an assortment of them, have reappeared in harness. As might have been expected, they severally received "the most enthusiastic ovations," at the hands of the admiring multitude. For the rest, the return of the wanderers has not made much stir. We are of course exceedingly pleased to note that the hand of Mr. W. G. Grace has not lost its cunning. In a match which he played the other day, on the side of Thornbury against Clifton, he put together 259 runs. How many "lives" were included in the remarkable effort deponent knoweth not. Such innings are not wanted in this country, it may be submitted. We have enough, and to spare of them. Within a day or two of Mr. Grace's exploit, T. Pearce, playing for St. Albans against Hitchin, put together 200 not out, and there are several cases of 100 runs and upwards, on recent record.

The South team that turned out to face a M.C.C. and Ground Eleven at head-quarters, might have been stronger, but it was a fairly representative lot, all things considered, and included three of the best gentlemen bats of the day. Mr. C. I. Thornton's 43, Mr. I. D. Walker's 45, and Mr. C. F. Buller's 41, were alike admirable. Pooley, too, batted in good form (21 and 16), and the same may be said of Silcock, whose 24 stood second in the double-figures of the second innings. On the opposite side, "the ground" did the lion's share of the work, and did it well, but eventually head-quarters were handsomely beaten by 93 runs. Morley obtained 5 wickets in the first innings, and Shaw 6 in the second. Fillery's account was 5 in the first, and Hughes's 7 in the second.

Altogether M.C.C. cannot be said to be "going away with a lead." With a Ground contingent that included A. Shaw, Randon, Clayton and Morley, at the back of Messrs. C. I. Thornton, J. Jardine, F. J. Crooke, F. Greenfield, &c., the old club made its way to the University Ground, Cambridge, but the expedition proved aught but a success. They were beaten by eight wickets. Mr. Longman was chief scorer on the side of the University, with 73, and next to him came Mr. Powys, 30, and Mr. Hamilton 22. In the second innings, Mr. Macan was credited with a score of 20, not out. Mr. Thornton was unlucky in the first innings, being bowled by Sims when he had put together 6, and having been "hurt" he failed to put in a second appearance. Mr. F. J. Crooke's 56, not out, was the one exploit that raised the innings of M.C.C. above the range of commonplace. Mr. J. Jardine was responsible for 21 runs in the first. A. Shaw's credit account reads 21 and 20, and Mr. F. Greenfield scored a couple of twenties. However, as we said before, M.C.C. were beaten, a result owing in some degree to the excellence of the Cambridge bowling—if their fielding did leave something to be desired.

By putting this and that together the friends of Oxford have come to the conclusion that when the two 'Varsities meet at Lord's, Cambridge must knuckle under. The folly of hallooing before you are out of the wood need not be dwelt upon. We should attach fifty-fold more importance to a single "trial" upon any of the three metropolitan grounds, certainly to one at Lord's, than we should to a dozen upon the arenas of Oxford and Cambridge. We see little occasion for crowing on the part of Oxford over the victory which the University gained the other day over an Eleven of England. There are Elevens and Elevens, and sturdy though this particular team was—on paper—it might, in actuality, have been livelier. Tom Hayward, for example, is not the sort of player that improves by keeping. The only certainty about Pinder (a really brilliant wicket-keeper) is that he is bound, at one juncture or another of the game, to retire "hurt." Mycroft will possibly develop into a bowler of the deadliest type, but judging from the match in question he is not great either with ball or bat, unless being run out twice constitutes greatness. In a word there was too thick a crust of antiquity upon the England Eleven, and we should for our part have been greatly surprised if the University Fourteen had not won. The most distinguished Law (10 and 28) were Lord Harris (33 and 12), Mr. W. Ridley (12 and 7), Mr. H. G. Tylecote (32 and 8), Mr. A. W. Lang (12 and 7), Mr. C. Walroth (5 and 19), &c. Mr. Lang did the most execution with the ball, although, as heretofore, Mr. Ridley's slows proved useful.

There was not much of a noteworthy character about the match which the North Riding played with the East Riding at Hull, except perhaps that two or three veterans were specially exhumed for the purpose of taking part in the struggle. The affair itself had been arranged as a mode of celebrating the opening of the new pavilion of the Hull Town Club. Nobody cares, of course, which side won. As a matter of fact, it was a bowlers', more than a run-getting match, and the scores on both sides were of the lightest. Professional matches against odds are only attractive at the commencement of the season, when they help to throw a light on the future in respect of "county" prospects. The match which A.E.E. played with a strong eighteen at Edinburgh, was full of this kind of interest. Judging therefrom, Lockwood is himself again—his contributions were 73 and 60, put together in the old sturdy style; and manifestly F. Wild is capable of holding his own with the best bats of Nottinghamshire. Hill bowled with remarkable brilliancy, and Emmett proved himself an admirable second of the younger operator's efforts. Yorkshire will not miss Freeman so much after all. Has not Clifton's elevation into an All England Eleven team been rather premature? Hayward is of course played for his deeds in "auld lang syne," and Carpenter, because Old Time cannot wear him out. On the day that North met South at Lord's, even on Whit-Monday, Notts turned out at Trent Bridge, and were confronted with sixteen of Derbyshire, who succeeded in thrashing the more or less invincible county by fourteen wickets. Although the county did not play its strength, in justice to Derbyshire it should be remembered that the eleven included Messrs. T. Wright and C. Clifton, and the professionals Daft, Morley, F. Wild, Bignall, and three of the colts who most distinguished themselves in the Easter Monday Match, on the same ground. The scoring of Notts was light, Mr. T. Wright (11 and 34), Daft (19 and 23), Scotton (1 and 21), and Morley (2 and 20), being the leading contributors of runs. On the side of the Peak, Mr. R. P. Smith (42), and Mr. S. Richardson (23), were the leading batsmen. The bowling honours of Derbyshire were shared by the coming man Mycroft, and Flint, while Morley was the chief stay of the other side. While we write this the first regular county match of the season, Middlesex against Yorkshire, is in progress at Prince's, but we must defer our notes thereon until next week.

The heavy rain which soaked the wickets at Lord's on Monday

was all in favour of the South, who had the luck to be the attacking party when the storm put a stop to the play. As might have been expected, Southerton and Lillywhite had matters pretty much their own way. In fact, Mr. Hornby alone succeeded in getting into double figures (10), and the eleven were disposed of for the small total of 41. In their opening essay, the South were unable to head their opponents by more than 29 runs; the chief scores being, Pooley 19, Southerton 18, and Lillywhite 13. Mr. W. Grace collapsed after making 8, Jupp for 3, and Messrs. J. D. Walker, C. F. Buller, W. H. Hadow, G. F. Grace, and C. J. Thornton collectively, contributed no fewer than 8 runs. In the second innings, the North were disposed of for a total of 78, which included Mr. Booth's not out 22, M'Intyre's 22, and Greenwood's 11. Thanks to Mr. J. D. Walker,—who is in splendid form this season,—and Mr. G. F. Grace, contributors respectively of 25 and 20 not out, the South achieved an easy victory, winning a somewhat unsatisfactory match by eight wickets. It is unnecessary to remark that the North was by no means as strong a team as the partisans of the side could have wished to see. The bowling of J. C. Shaw was very superior, even for him. What he has lost in pace he has gained in "head," and if he could only field like his namesake—he has occasionally astonished himself by his batting—that cunning operator might wake one of these days, and find that his right title of "Alfred the Great" Shaw was disputed. We note in passing that the establishment of Club and Ground Matches in connection by the Oval management, has answered perfectly. Potter and Barratt have already done yeoman's service for the Club. Prince's is blest with a bowler of considerable promise in Draper, a native of Kent, who has been "amongst them" in every match he has played. Kent is to be congratulated on the possession of such a bowler.

OPENING OF THE COACHING SEASON.

AMONG the many "good parks" of the present season there has not been a larger or more fashionable attendance than on Wednesday afternoon, on the occasion of the first meet of the Four-in-Hand Club at the Magazine.

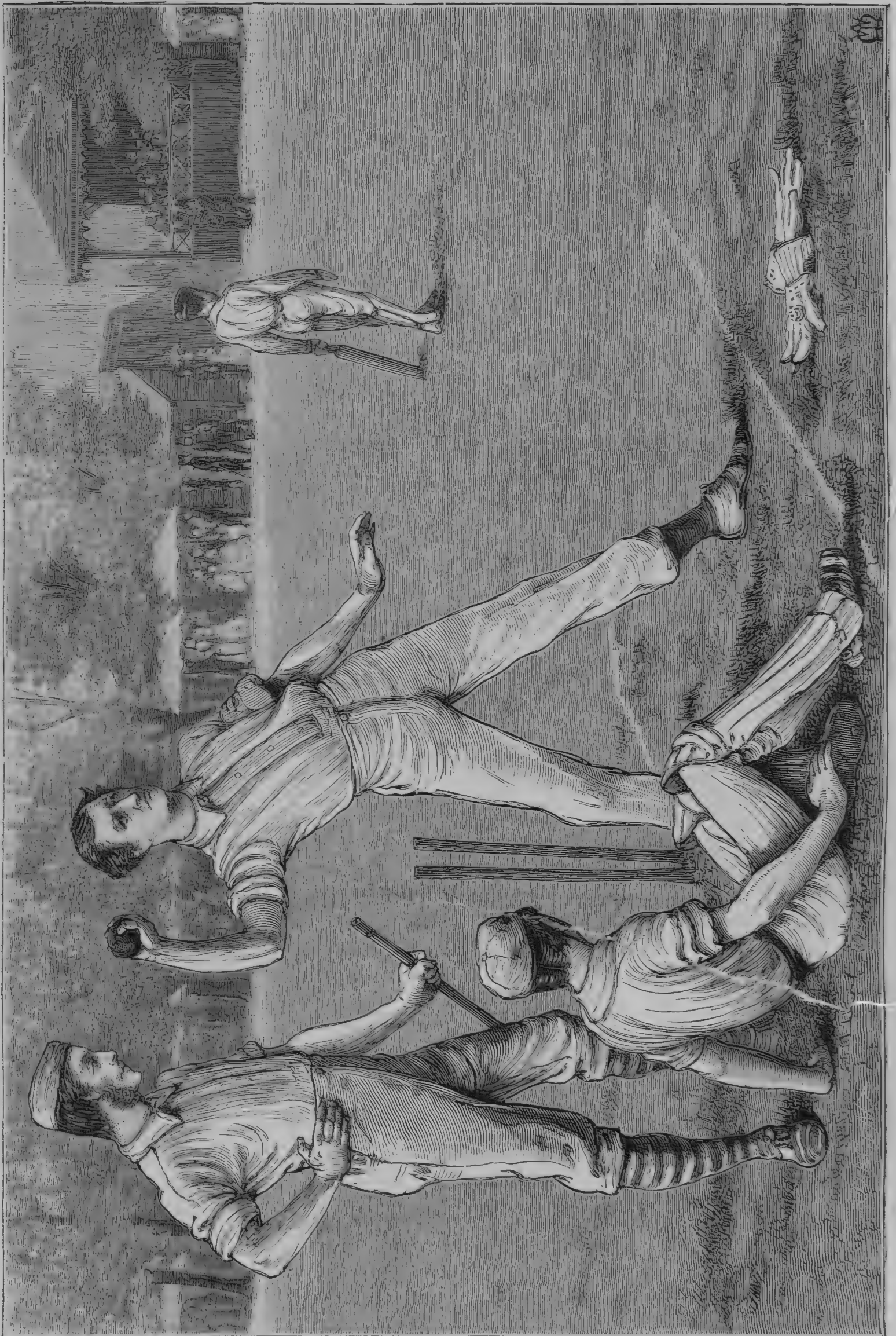
The Four-in-Hand Club has been established from fourteen to fifteen years, and their President is the Duke of Beaufort, the late Captain Morritt having also been one of their leading and most active members.

Last season the Four-in-Hand Club had a supplementary meet on the 13th of May, by the particular request of the Queen of the Belgians, who was then on a visit in London; and despite the cold easterly wind, with its blinding dust, and the leaden-coloured sky, which imparted a dull and dismal appearance to everything, as many as seventeen teams assembled at the usual place of meeting, prominent among them being those of the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Lonsborough, Lord Abingdon, Lord Carrington, the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Aveland, Lord Cole, Captain Morritt, Colonel White, and Mr. John Gerald Leigh—the palm being, perhaps, borne by the chestnuts of Mr. Leigh, the roans of Captain Morritt, the browns of Lord Lonsborough, and the bays of Mr. Eaton and the Duke. On the 24th of May the first parade proper was held, and was attended by the same number of teams. The second meet was held on the morning of the 6th of June, the chief feature of which was Lord Sefton's superb team of chestnuts.

The weather on Wednesday was fine, although overcast with clouds, but the temperature was high. The hour for the rendezvous was half-past 4 o'clock, by which time one or two teams had taken up their position at the Magazine, and society was thronging to the neighbourhood of the drive north of the ornamental water, along which carriages were ranged in rows two and three deep, and in rapid succession the four-in-hands about to take part in the day's proceedings arrived upon the scene and fell into rank, four and four, being quickly surrounded by a well-dressed crowd on foot. On the off side of the front rank was stationed the Duke of Beaufort, President of the Club, with his newly-painted brown drag—a change of colour noticed by all the *habitués* of the park—horses by a team consisting of a chestnut and gray wheeler and two brown leaders. Next to him came Lord Wenlock, with four bays; Mr. H. Eaton, M.P., with one brown and three bays, and Lord Macclesfield, with four bays; in the rear of whom were Lord Lonsborough, with four browns; Sir John Lister Kaye, with four bays; Lord Abingdon, with four bays; Colonel Ewart, with four chestnuts; the Marquis of Worcester, with three bays and a chestnut off-side leader; Lord Sefton, with three dark browns and a very dark chestnut off-side wheeler—instead of his customary team of four chestnuts; Captain Whitmore, with four grays; Lord Aveland, with three red roans, his off-side leader being a bay with a few white hairs interspersed; the Hon. Godfrey Morgan, Captain Wombwell, Lord Cole, Lord Munster, Colonel White, and four or five other whips, making up, according to the President's reckoning, 22 teams; but yet another fell into the rear of the procession as it started, and completed the tale of 23 four-in-hands, which drove along the north road. About a quarter before 5 o'clock all were in readiness, and the signal being given, the Duke of Beaufort led off the procession, Lord Sefton, Lord Munster, Captain H. Wombwell, Lord Aveland, and Lord Wenlock making up the first half dozen; and in the above order. Next came two drags whose whips we did not notice in the rapidity of their passing, followed by (9) Mr. Eaton, (10) Sir J. L. Kaye, (11), Hon. G. Morgan, (12) Captain Whitmore, (14) Marquis of Worcester, (15) Colonel Ewart, (16) Lord Cole, (18) Lord Macclesfield, (19) Lord Lonsborough, (20) Lord Abingdon, (22) Colonel White, and (23) Colonel Oakley, together with three others, occupying respectively the positions of 13th, 17th, and 21st, whose occupants were not recognized as they drove by. Mr. Leigh and his chestnuts were unfortunately absent, and the red roans of Captain Morritt, who has been taken from among us since last season, have gone into the stables of other owners. From among so many splendid teams it is difficult to make choice of any one four-in-hand as superior to the rest, but for style perhaps Lord Sefton's team will stand comparison with any other; while, for uniformity of colour, the chestnuts of Colonel Ewart, the grays of Captain Whitmore, and the bays of Lord Macclesfield were remarkable.

M. HUMBERT, Director of the "Théâtre Fantaisies Parisiennes," Brussels, who first introduced Lecocq's melodious opera, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, into England last year at the St. James's, reopens the Opéra Comique next Saturday, for a series of representations of Lecocq's last successful composition, *Girofle-Girofla*, supported by the whole of his celebrated Brussels company, including Mlle. Luigini, Mlle. Delorme, M. Mario-Widmer, the most graceful of French tenors, M. Jolly, M. Ginot, &c., who will sustain their original rôles.

Miss Isabel Bateman's first benefit takes place at the Lyceum to-night, when Mr. Hamilton Auld's drama, *Philip*, with Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. John Clayton, Miss Virginia Francis, and Miss Isabella Bateman in the original characters, will be represented by particular desire, and Mr. Henry Irving will recite for the first time a descriptive poem by Edwin Atherstone, entitled *The Last Days of Hercules*.



WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT "PRINCES."—"A MAN OUT."



"DEWHURST LODGE," THE RESIDENCE OF THOS. GEE, ESQ.

COBHAM REVISITED.

NATURE had put on her summer clothing, when we again wound our way past the classic shades of Claremont to the quiet Surrey village, whose retirement is now sacred to Blair Athol and his court. "The mellow ouzel fluting in the elm," told of rainy hours in store, anticipated as anxiously as land by sea-tossed mariners; while proud matrons of the stud strode into deeper and shadier pastures, whisking the flies away from their flanks, and whinnying to their foals to keep them company. Foaling cares were well-nigh at an end, and the grassy enclosures were alive with the "golden youth" of a coming Turf generation, trying their paces over mound and hollow, and bearing away upon their hoofs the golden dust of the daisy. There were blaze faces galore, which told of Blair Athol or Marsyas, and corky little whole-coloured bays and chestnuts, on which Macaroni had set no doubtful mark. As to the fathers of the stud, they have been described by pen and pencil as often as the Emperor of all the Russias himself, so we are fain to leave them making a light luncheon off the juiciest of tares in their boxes, and to go the round of the yearlings under the wing of manager and assistants. The big black Newfoundland dodges our footsteps, and must by this time be as well acquainted with the points of the yearlings, as any Special Commissioner himself, unless, indeed, the multitude of criticisms have confused his dogged senses. The youngsters have only been in leading-strings a few days, but have already got fairly handy, and are fast exchanging their ragged garments of foalhood, for the more polished and shining attire of beginners in the world. Their infant school-days are well-nigh over, and sterner studies will soon claim their attention, before that final examination which is to test their abilities as racers. We see them first as they move round in Indian file, and then wait till they are ready for our reception in their boxes. The fillies have a day or two's more grace than the colts, and are left to wander at their own sweet will about the broad acres in front of the cottage. We are glad to stand under the lee of the hawthorn hedge, out of the sun, and criticise the shape, bearing, and action of each, as they advance towards us, stalk "broadside on" for a moment, or saunter leisurely away. They come and go in most admired disorder, but we jot them down according to book, and now subjoin our summing-up, generally, we hope, in favour of the examinees.

1. A bay colt by General Peel—Matilda by Orlando, will make a useful animal, but looks hardly up to the Turf business. Its double Orlando cross should at least confer speed, but we may as well say we are "full against" the General Peels, as their capabilities fall far short of their good looks.

2. A brown colt, by Camerino out of Marchioness Maria, is one of William Day's breeding, and is about up to Alvediston form. His dam is well bred, and will have a better chance with one of the Company's Lords of the Harem.

3. A bay filly by General Peel—Polias (sister to Neptunus), is another of Mr. Gulliver's production. Polias has been so mismanaged and messed about, that a good horse may work wonders with some of the stoutest blood in the kingdom.

4. A filly by Man at Arms—Myrus by Stockwell, rather took our fancy, but she is a bit on the small side, and has not much fashion about her. Here is another magnificently bred mare, in whose pedigree we find such names as Melbourne, Touchstone, and Pantaloon, thrown away upon a third class handicap horse!

5. A bay colt by General Peel—Lady of the Manor, is a wild

looking, harum-scarum sort of youngster, apparently "made in twice" if not in more times, and we are not in love with the blood on either side.

6. A bay colt by Lozenge—Butterfly by Bantam is quite a different stamp, and quite likely to set heads a nodding round the Ring. The only serious fault we could find with Lozenge, when we saw him two years ago, was his very broad chest, but this youngster does not inherit this defect, and is good all over, compact, with excellent limbs, a good mover, and showing a good deal of the Sweetmeat quality. We heartily commend him to the notice of buyers.

7. Camerino's bay filly out of Tisiphone by Orlando, looks quick and early, and has moreover a double slice of Touchstone to qualify the "accursed blood."

8. Armada's filly by Breadalbane we did not see, but no pedigree can look better on paper. We rather regret her sire's expatriation, though he certainly never got them so big and powerful as his distinguished brother.

9. They are very fond of Knight of the Garter in Yorkshire, and this colt out of Ladylike (a Newminster mare) does credit to the best of Prime Minister's sons. Running blood on both sides should be sufficient recommendation.

10. A brown filly by Beadsman—Jocosa—is one of Sir Joseph Hawley's breeding, taking after her sire in colour, but in make and shape more resembling her dam. She was a late May foal, and is consequently backward, but the slice of Fitzroland between the sire and dam of Rosierucian and Co. should not make a bad sandwich.

11. Nukuheva's colt is a Marsyas all over, which will be quite sufficient to ensure a ready sale. His shoulders are a little too much of the George Frederick stamp, and this, coupled with his high quarters, gives him a "jumped up" look, which he will doubtless lose if he has the luck to "grow up" to the fine points he undoubtedly possesses.

12. We confess to falling very much in love with this chestnut scion of Caterer and Lady Burlington. He has a more honest look than the majority of Caterer's stock, stands well and square upon excellent legs and feet, with plenty of bone, hocks clean and well let down, and looks like galloping. The mare had thrown Cavendish in her younger days, and this "last fruit off an old tree" may be as good as the first.

13. A bay filly by Blair Athol out of Topsy has much of the Venison character about her, shown in the large expressive eye, finely moulded head, elegantly turned quarters, and generally blood-like appearance. This is one of the old Blenkiron sort, and should develop into something out of the common.

14. The colt by Gladiateur out of Celerrima is a thick-set, cobby sort of gentleman, which will doubtless find its way into some London dealer's hands, and thence into the stable of some heavy and substantial City magnate who can afford to give the price.

15. A great strapping bay colt by North Lincoln out of Black Rose; a very fine topped horse, but wanting in elasticity of movement.

16. A perfect little gem, own sister to Rosierucian, and a miniature likeness of that celebrity. A very late May foal, but improving wonderfully with the warm weather and fresh grass. More like Blue Gown in colour, but built on the same lines as Rosierucian, with promise of all that horse's wonderful muscular development. Little men need not trouble to look at her, for the great guns are likely to have it all to themselves.

17. A second edition of Crinon, in octavo instead of duodecimo, edited by Blair Athol, and worthy of her parentage. Good judges,

like Mr. Gladstone, will think once—will think twice—will think thrice before letting her go by.

18. A charming little chestnut colt by Gladiateur out of Lovelace, neat as paint all over; an excellent mover, truly made in all points; quite a model of symmetry. With Hero for an advertisement, Gladiateur will make his mark this year, and Mr. Ray's purchase may not have been so ill-judged as many people were in a hurry to believe.

19. A chestnut colt by Blair Athol out of Alcestis, and a very handsome level animal, with particularly good quarters and hocks. Stands a trifle back in the knees, like Doncaster, but is certain to command other bids than those of that plucky buyer Mr. Crawford.

20. A splendid filly by Blair Athol out of Papoose, with fine shoulders, good girth, excellent substance, and a rare set of legs and feet. We did not see this filly out of her box, but if she moves as well as she looks, there will be no fear of Blair Athol losing his prestige through her. Her dam is one of the grandest matrons at Cobham, and if the Newminster mares have not done much yet, no one can help them better than Blair Athol, if appearances go for anything.

21. Another splendid specimen of Blair Athol's get out of sister to Buccaneer, possessing all the attributes of a first-class racer, and much resembling her sire in colour. This young lady has an especially short, strong back, immense quarters, and large, clean hocks. The machinery forward is just as good, and her legs are full of bone, flat, and clean. This filly took our fancy marvellously.

22. A chestnut filly by Marsyas out of Frolicsome has some good points about her, but she is quite thrown into the shade by the two preceding lots. We did not see this filly out, but were told she moves well.

23. A bay colt, brother to Glenalmond and Claremont, with more size than the former, but less neatness and liberty. For his breeding and relationship's sake, he is sure to command a high figure, but there are several other colts we like better than this commanding youngster.

24. A bay filly by Marsyas out of Slumber did not take our fancy so much as the next lot.

25. A magnificent chestnut colt by Blair Athol out of Circé, by Dundee. This colt deserves a protracted and careful inspection, and will come well through the fiercest ordeal of examination. In fact he is good all over, though still backward, and will make a first-class horse if he has the luck to fall into good hands. We should put him by, and give him every chance of growing "up to" his undeniably fine points.

26. Is one of our especial pets, a chestnut colt by Breadalbane out of Foible, by Faugh-a-Ballagh. He is the best mover of the lot, and cast in that elegant, yet powerful mould, which marks the real racer. We don't expect him to fetch the highest price, but feel assured he will develop into something out of the common, with ordinary luck. He is, perhaps, more remarkable for perfect symmetry and "poetry of action," than size and strength, but he will bear picking to pieces, and we shall watch his future career with great interest.

27. A bay colt by Gladiateur out of Rose of Kent. This is a fine powerful colt, taking very much after "mamma," and giving greater promise of speed than most of his sire's stock. We share the "Druid's" prejudice against "yellow legged" animals, preferring them with black points, if bays; but this may be put down as merely a sentimental grievance.

28. Gladiateur is credited with this very nice filly out of Reg-

inella (Guy Dayrell's dam), who is sure to attract good judges by her looks if not by her breeding. We shall be curious to see how the union of two such coarse bloods succeeds, but the result is certainly promising enough.

29. The solitary Macaroni, a filly out of Juanita by St. Albans, may be found useful in company which does not fly at such high game as Derbys and the like. We must wait until next year before seeing Macaroni's home produce, which holds out very high hopes of future excellence.

30. A chestnut colt, by Camerino out of Merry May, is one of the best looking animals in the sale list. He has four white legs, which he threatens to show to many a scattered field, and inherits a deal of fashion from his grandsire, Orlando. His shoulders are especially good, and he promises to come to hand early, and wear well, being one of the "cut and come again" sort. We had a good opportunity of seeing his action in the paddock, and were altogether favourably impressed with him.

31. Is a brown colt by Saunterer out of Kate Dayrell; not a very happy combination of blood, either on paper or in its result. He wants taking to pieces and putting together again.

32. A bay filly (sister to Gamos) looks like going fast, but not far. Still there is some style about her, and all the family run well. She may steal a race upon us unawares some day, when we least expect it.

33. General Peel's filly out of Queen of the May, by Ethelbert, brings up the rear, and these remarks to a close.

We had almost forgotten to mention the existence of rather a nice racing-like filly by Nutbourne out of Selsea Bill's dam, which will be brought up for sale after the Company's yearlings have been disposed of. She is a fine-framed, lengthy animal, but has lately been on the sick list, and does not show at her best. She is, however, now picking up fast, and if all goes on well, will be "cherry-merry" by the day. Those who wish to see a fine mare, should stroll into the paddocks and look over her dam, Southern Cross.

We are glad to announce that Mr. Bell can show a clean bill of health for his establishment, and that his losses, if heavy, have been but few. The next three weeks will be an anxious time, but the glorious change of weather will work wonders, more especially towards forcing the backward ones, and thoroughly ripening the more matured youngsters. Those fond of young stock, and interested in breeding matters, "may spend a happy day" enough at Cobham, running down thither by coach, and returning by the same conveyance in the afternoon. There is plenty to see in the establishment, and plenty willing to show everything, and give any information. Saturday, June 20th (in the Ascot week), is the day fixed for the sale, and there will doubtless be a larger attendance than last year, when the place was less known than at the present time. The Company have a fair chance of making a great hit in the Derby, and should Glenalmond, George Frederick, or Couronne de Fer pull through, there will be joy at Cobham. We don't undertake the rôle of tipsters, but there are many things more unlikely to happen, and we have altogether discounted the chances of Ecossais and Rob Roy. In any case we wish the Company good speed, and now that the black cloud seems to have lifted, there is every prospect of halcyon days for the new undertaking. Only let the concern get fairly on its legs, and we shall be in a position to answer the momentous question as to whether horsebreeding is a paying game, or only the expensive hobby which so many have relinquished in despair.

Yachting.

* * We shall be glad to receive communications from gentlemen connected with the various Yacht Clubs, and others, on the subject of Yachting.

PRINCE OF WALES' YACHT CLUB.

The first-class cutter match of this club was sailed on Wednesday, but owing to the absence of wind it proved nothing better than a drifting affair.

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
Vanessa	20	Mr. H. S. Baillie.
Fleetwing	20	Mr. D. West.
Aveyron	15	Mr. E. Packard, jun.
Surge	14	Mr. R. D. Lambert.
L'Erie	10	Major Lemon, V.C.

First prize, value £25; second prize, value £10. Tonnage allowances, 1 min. 30 sec. per ton up to 15 tons; 45 sec. per ton up to 25 tons. Course from Erith, round the Nore Light, and back to Erith, about 55 nautical miles.

The starting gun was fired at 12.7 p.m., with the faintest of airs from the west. Long before the yachts got down Long Reach the wind had been well nigh all round the compass, and wound up with a stark calm. They drifted down to the Mucking Light, where they met the flood tide coming up, and the Club steamer anchored for them to round. This they managed all in a cluster, when a nice little breeze came out from west-north-west, which the *Fleetwing* was the first to take. The *Vanessa* was not long in overhauling her, and at the top of the Lower Hope got close on her weather quarter. Thus they hung for some time, when the *Fleetwing* got a lucky puff and went right away. They could not quite fetch into Gravesend Reach, and had to make a board off the Kentish shore on the port tack. The *Vanessa* was the first to go round, the *Fleetwing* holding on some time longer, and getting a slant of wind off the land, which carried her still further ahead. After this the *Vanessa* had to shake up for a tug towing a ship down, and thus lost more ground. However, all the way up Gravesend Reach and through the reaches beyond she gained a trifle on the *Fleetwing*; but the latter sailed uncommonly well in the very light wind, and ultimately came in first by a minute. Times of finishing:—

	H. M. S.		H. M. S.
<i>Fleetwing</i> (£25 prize) ..	7 38 0	<i>Aveyron</i>	7 44 0
<i>Vanessa</i> (£10 prize) ..	7 39 0	<i>Surge</i>	7 50 0

The *L'Erie* was not timed.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THE cutter matches of this club were sailed on Monday last, and were very successful, the weather being favourable, and the entries, although not very numerous, comprising the names of the best vessels of their classes. The first race was for first-class cutters, exceeding 40 tons; prize, a cup value £100. The second match was for second-class yachts, for prizes of £60, and £30. The course for both races was from Gravesend round the Mouse Light and back to Gravesend. For the first race the entries were:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
1. Vanguard	60	W. P. Miller, Esq.
2. Arethusa	60	T. Broadwood, Esq.
3. Kriemhilda	105	Count Batthyany.

For the second the entries were:—

Yachts.	Tons.	Owners.
1. Bloodhound	40	Marquis of Ailsa.
2. Myosotis	40	H. D. Macmaster, Esq.
3. Norman	40	Major Ewing.
4. Eveleen	40	E. Fox, Esq.

The numbers denote the stations. A large number of members and their friends were on board the steamer which accompanied the race, under the care of the sailing committee, who timed and started the yachts. The Prince of Wales, who has done the club the honour of becoming commodore, was present all day on board

Lord A. Paget's steam yacht *Cecile*, attended by Lieut. Colonel Teesdale. The morning was hot and calm, and gave but little promise of a good day's sailing, but at 10.30 a nice breeze sprang up from the south-east, and gradually got stronger until it blew a nice whole-sail breeze.

Some delay took place at the start, and the final starting-gun was not fired until 11.12, when the first to move was the *Vanguard*, with *Bloodhound*, *Kriemhilda*, and *Arethusa* next. All set square-headed topsails, and, close hauled, began to beat down the river. The new *Bloodhound* at once began to show what she could do, and went off with a strong lead in her class, appearing to sail very fast, and showing wonderful weatherly qualities. The *Arethusa* met the *Vanguard* off Leigh, and crossed her bows; on the next tack the *Vanguard* crossed her again, but when meeting her again, the *Arethusa*, on the star-board tack, forced the *Vanguard* to give way—an exploit she repeated several times afterwards. Meantime the *Kriemhilda* was unable to wrest the lead from her smaller rivals, and off Southend, after making a vain attempt to pass to windward of the *Vanguard*, had to give it up and go about to get clear of her. Whether the waters of the Thames do not suit her, or whether her trim has been injured by her late alterations, it is impossible to say, but it is certain she was not sailing up to her true form, as she was never once dangerous during the race. In the 40-ton class, the *Bloodhound* was having it all her own way; she both sailed faster and held a better wind than the others, and was never once headed during the race. The *Myosotis* at first sailed very badly, and was left considerably astern by the *Norman* and *Bloodhound*, but seemed to waken up off Southend, and passed the *Norman*. The *Arethusa* certainly showed great speed, and will trouble both the *Vanguard* and the *Mabel* this season, if she continues as she now is. As the wind was not very strong, the sailing committee hailed the commodore and got permission to shorten the course. Accordingly the steamer was anchored about two miles below the Nore Light-ship, and the yachts rounded her instead of the Mouse Light. The time and order of their doing so was as follows:—

FIRST CLASS.			H.	M.	S.
<i>Arethusa</i>	3	3	27		
<i>Vanguard</i>	3	7	43		
<i>Kriemhilda</i>	3	13	4		

SECOND CLASS.			H.	M.	S.
<i>Bloodhound</i>	3	19	31		
<i>Myosotis</i>	3	32	25		
<i>Norman</i>	3	33	10		
<i>Eveleen</i>	3	58	27		

As they rounded all set spinnakers and jib topsails, and, excepting the *Bloodhound*, sent balloon topsails aloft in place of working topsails. She, however, sent a larger topsail up and set a watersail under her spinnaker. The *Norman*, not contented with her spinnaker boomed out in the usual way, set a second one on her bowsprit end as well, and, running very fast, caught up and passed the *Myosotis*, but could not gain on *Fife's* last new one, which rather increased her lead on the run home. The *Arethusa*, with a long lead, was proving too much for the others in her class, and came in an easy winner by some 5 min. 18 sec. without her time allowance. The time of arrival at Gravesend was:—

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Arethusa</i> (winner of £100)	6	7	46
<i>Kriemhilda</i>	6	13	4
<i>Vanguard</i>	6	14	27

The *Arethusa* therefore takes the prize in her class. The second-class yachts were timed:—

	H.	M.	S.
<i>Bloodhound</i> (winner of £60)	6	20	39
<i>Norman</i> (winner of £30)	6	27	29
<i>Myosotis</i>	6	34	30
<i>Eveleen</i>	6	52	0

The victory of the *Arethusa* was loudly cheered, and by no one more heartily than by her recent enemies. The prizes were presented by Mr. Brassey, M.P., the rear-commodore, who congratulated the club on its good fortune and honour in securing H.R.H. the Prince of Wales as commodore. The day's racing was most satisfactory, and everything went off in the pleasantest manner, nothing occurring in the slightest degree to mar the success of the matches. The races were very first rate, and the contest very exciting, and there can be no doubt that in the total absence of flukes the best vessels won.

NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB.

THERE was every prospect of a good and interesting match being sailed in the river on Tuesday, as there was such a fine breeze; but owing to the objection which yacht owners have taken to the new rule of measurement adopted by this club, the yachts that were entered for the principal prizes did not start. These included the *Kriemhilda*, Count Batthyany; *Arethusa*, Mr. T. Broadwood; *Vanguard*, Mr. W. P. Miller; *Bloodhound*, Marquis of Ailsa; *Eveleen*, Mr. E. Fox; *Norman*, Major Ewing; *Myosotis*, Mr. Macmaster; *Vanessa*, Mr. H. Baillie. A meeting of yacht owners was called during the winter by the New Thames Club, specially to consider whether it was desirable to alter the present rule of measurement known as the Royal Thames Rule. This meeting, to which each yacht club sent a representative, unanimously decided that it was undesirable to alter the rule of measurement as proposed, and so far everyone thought the matter was settled. But the flag officers of the New Thames Club determined to abandon the Royal Thames Yacht Club Rule in favour of the one they had proposed. This latter rule includes depth in its quantities, and the objection raised is that a shallow and unseaworthy form of vessel will be encouraged in the place of fine whole-some craft which have come into existence under the old rule. Moreover, owners objected to the rule because it unnecessarily interfered with the classification of their yachts for time allowance. Then there was the further objection that the pronounced decision of the whole meeting had been set at naught. Accordingly, owners combined to show their disapproval of the course adopted by the New Thames Club. For this purpose they entered their vessels and then represented to the Club officers by letter that they objected to sail under the new rule. To this the Club replied that the yachts would be classed by the old rule, but sail under the new one for time allowance. Having received this answer, the owners held a meeting at the Rosherville Hotel on Monday night, and resolved not to compete under such conditions, but still offered to sail under the now universal Royal Thames, or old rule. All the yachts entered went to the buoys, and were in every respect ready to start; but, as the Club held out to the last, each owner, except those in the small class, hauled down his racing flag as the starting gun was fired, ran up the Royal Thames burgee, and proceeded to the Nore for a cruise. The *Fleetwing*, Mr. D. West; the *Snowdrop*, Mr. Fairbrass; the *Aveyron*, Mr. Packard; and the *Surge*, Mr. R. D. Lambert, competed for the £25 and £15 prizes, the *Fleetwing* winning the former, and the *Snowdrop* the latter.

CHARLES I., the second of Mr. Bateman's revivals of his successes, will be reproduced at the Lyceum on Monday next, with Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Isabel Bateman in their original characters of the 'King' and 'Queen,' and Mr. John Clayton as 'Cromwell.'

Billiards.

WITH the exception of a "one finger and thumb" performance by M. Izar, there is nothing to record; but we must remind our readers that John Roberts, jun., and Joseph Bennett will play 1000 up level, for £100 a side, on Monday evening. Bennett is sure to make a good fight of it, but his opponent's form has been so undeniable of late that we think he will win.

Athletic Sports.

LAST Saturday was almost a blank day, as most amateurs had left town for the Whitsuntide holidays, nevertheless two handicaps, 150 Yards and Half Mile, promoted by the Amateur Athletic Club, filled fairly well, and produced some capital sport. The former fell to A. Powles, who well deserved his success, as he was giving start to nearly everyone in the race, and has not been very lucky this season. With one exception all those entered for the Half Mile came to the post, the winner turning up in C. F. Ellis, 62 yards start. His victory was rather a surprise, for from his running in the Mile and a Half Handicap at the recent L.A. C. meeting, his forte was generally supposed to be staying. As however, he got home in 1min. 57sec., he is clearly capable of doing 2min. 6sec. "all the way," and, with a little more practice, bids fair to run a very fast half mile. A. Hardy (78) performed a good deal better than he has done of late; but, after a fine struggle, had to be content with his old place of second.

On Whitsun Monday there was a general exodus into the country, meetings taking place at Macclesfield, Nottingham, Newcastle, Catford Bridge, and St. Albans. The Eighth Cheshire Rifle Volunteers held a meeting at Macclesfield; but the performances of the "soldiers" were of a very moderate character. The open races, however, brought out two or three good men, the 220 Yards and Quarter Mile falling to E. A. Greaves, who is one of the speediest of the northern amateurs. E. Jones, who has put on the gloves two or three times at Lillie Bridge, was favourite for the boxing; but the prize was awarded to J. L. Coffery, much to the surprise of nearly all the spectators. A small team of Londoners journeyed to Nottingham, and were very fairly successful. W. F. Blaxter cut down J. Potter pretty easily in the 100 Yards; but the latter took full revenge in the Quarter Mile, where he beat his old opponent, G. W. Gowers by a couple of yards, and the pair succeeded in running Blaxter to a complete standstill. Gower also won the Mile very cleverly, and, remembering his fine performance in a London A.C. handicap last season, we are inclined to think that this is his best distance. S. W. Widdowson won both hurdle races, and the 220 yards' Challenge Cup; but the times given for the first-mentioned events—16½ seconds, and, owing 12 yards, 17½ seconds—are a little too fast to be true. The doings of the Northern A.C., at Newcastle, require little comment, though we may mention that the newly-formed club now numbers some seventy members, and promises to be very successful. The private bankers of London have just opened a beautiful cricket ground, covering twenty-one acres, at Catford Bridge, and the Bank Holiday was very appropriately selected for a first athletic meeting. Such well-known athletes as A. S. Farmer and L. U. Burt are in the club, and the former secured the 100 Yards and the Hurdles, while the latter had no trouble in carrying off the Half-mile and the Mile. The Open Half-mile fell to R. Blackett Jones, a most persevering runner, who, at length, begins to show signs of improvement. London was largely represented at St. Albans, where J. E. Matthews secured the Two-miles Walking Handicap from scratch, and A. E. Ball, who has done well to abandon walking, showed his very best form in the Half-mile Handicap. F. Richardson, Albert A.C., who finished second in two races, was stated to have run with a professional; the objection is held over for the present, but we have every reason to believe that it will be sustained.

To-day (Saturday) the eleventh annual meeting of "Her Majesty's Servants" will take place at Lillie Bridge, and will probably attract about ten thousand spectators. We fear they will not be rewarded by much sport, as, with the exception of the two open races, the card is not very promising. W. L. Clague, the celebrated Northern sprinter, has entered for five events; but an objection has been made to him on the ground that he has competed in a Sheffield handicap, under an assumed name. Until this is settled, it is doubtful if he will be able to run, and, therefore, in attempting to select the winners of the various events, we shall leave him out of our calculations. The 600 yards Maiden Race, or "Inland Revenue Benefit," has nine entries from that office, but they are a very bad lot, and will all be defeated by J. Hockey. The 100 Yards is a certainty for J. H. A. Reay if he runs, and he will also win the Broad Jump Hurdle Race, and 220 Yards Challenge Cup. The Quarter would be a very interesting race if Reay, Congreve, and Griffin were to come to the post; but the first-named will not start, and we think Congreve is pretty sure to win. The Mile is also a certainty for him, as none of his probable opponents can "do" 4 min. 54 sec. The High Jump lies between Murray and Lucas, both of whom are penalised one inch, and the former ought to beat Lucas, who is out of form at present. The two open handicaps appear carefully framed, though we fancy that Potter and Slade, the two scratch men, will about win them. Of the club handicaps we will say little, as it is an utter farce to attempt to handicap a lot of men, most of whom have never run; but the committee have certainly formed a wonderful estimate of Collett's powers, and we would not take 100 to 1 about his winning either the 300 Yards or Half Mile.

THE Holborn Theatre will open, for one night only, to-night, with a performance of *The Lady of Lyons*, Mr. John Nelson sustaining the part of 'Claude Melnotte,' and Miss Lotti Wilmot, of Drury Lane and Adelphi Theatres, that of 'Pauline.'

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.—(Wm. Hogg, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheon always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Porter up all Night.—[ADVT.]

In every human production, however excellent, the critic looks for something which may mar it in his estimation. Take, for example, an equipage. The horses may be of the purest blood, the carriage superb and by its finish significant of costliness, and the harness may proclaim itself from the most approved maker, yet let the latter appear slovenly, and the entire beauty of the "turn out" is forfeited in the eye of correct taste. Now as such defect in what is otherwise extremely good is daily noticeable at the West End, it is with satisfaction that attention is invited to an improved Harness Composition, made by Mr. Probert, of 22, South Audley-street, London. Harness polished by it is readily distinguishable from that subjected to ordinary treatment. But what is mainly important is that this external splendour is not gained by sacrificing the leather, which positively is improved and preserved by its application, while even a minute inspection shows this composition does not in the slightest degree clog the stitches. Mr. Probert's composition by its very soft consistency works freely and even, and while it greatly nourishes the leather, it produces a dainty polish, which renders even an inferior "turn out" a pleasure to look upon.—*Vide Bell's Life*, October 26th, 1867.—[ADVT.]

Sporting Intelligence.

RETROSPECT OF THE WEEK'S RACING,
AND ANTICIPATIONS OF THE DERBY, OAKS, &c.

THE racing of the current week never showed in more glaring light the great vitality of the Turf, both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. At home, this favourite pastime of the people was celebrated at Bath, Manchester, West Drayton, Wye, Salisbury, Bromyard, Barrow-in-Furness, Cartmel, Eltham, Harpenden, Great Yarmouth, Leominster, Navestock, Southwell, and Spennymoor; while in France, the Chantilly Spring Meeting, and the Great International Steeple-chases at Auteuil, were celebrated; and in Ireland, the jumpers had also employment cut out for them at Ballinasloe and Mullingar, two places "of the horse horsey," as every one knows who has ever been in search of a good hunter. Bath, owing to the want of an energetic race committee, and an active, popular clerk of the course, has been for the last two or three years going to the bad; and the recent Meeting showed that unless some move be quickly made to stay its downward progress, that the heights of Lansdown will never again prove so attractive to the racing public, as it has hitherto done. There was certainly no falling off in the attendance, except from the ranks of the "upper ten" and the denizens of the Ring; but the sport was of the most paltry description—the fields scant in number, and the horses of very inferior quality, as may be judged, when the Lansdown Stakes and the Great Somerset Stakes were won by a mare of such indifferent form as Mr. C. Head's cast off Black Gown; and the three-year-old Biennial fell to a filly of such proved indifference as *Aventuriere*, who was beaten almost out of sight in the One Thousand. The Two-year-old Biennial and the Weston Stakes, however, brought out two or three smart youngsters. The former fell to *Mary White*, a daughter of Brown Bread and Fenella by Ugly Buck, a mare that had previously produced the smart Miss Lizzie to Oxford; and the Weston Stakes was taken by another filly, a very quick one, the well-named *Pope Joan*, by Rataplan, her dam *Chanoinesse* by Newminster out of *Seclusion*—breeding which further shows the success that invariably attends the crossing of "Waxy on Waxy." Tintern, by winning the Beaufort Handicap, and the Worcester Plate, furnished proof that there are few smarter T.Y.C. horses in training, for although Afterthought beat him for the Dyham Park Plate, it must be borne in mind that Tintern was giving the winner 21lb.

Manchester was a great success, and its central position and growing popularity since the formation of the new course, doubtless contributed, in no small degree, to render Bath the failure it was. At Cottonopolis, large fields and spirited contests were the rule. Mendip, with whom it is said Apology can do anything she likes at home, won the Trial Handicap in a canter, and *Clarion* proved that the form he displayed at Chester was correct, by winning the Maiden Plate; but backers, particularly the *Market* division, caught it heavily in the De Trafford Cup, by *Beate* of Chandos, which was very cleverly accomplished by the northern filly, Tyro, the very clever daughter of Lambton and *Rappette*. This filly, who won the Steward's Cup at Stockton, and some other smart races last year, was not overlooked in the betting, as she started second favourite, and thus rewarded the followers of public form. The Philips Handicap proved a good thing for York, the only one of his opponents that gave him any trouble being Instantly. The Copeland Stakes brought out only five youngsters, a poor field compared with the extent of the entries, and here John Peel again ran a great horse, but was unable to give the weight he had to do—9lb.—to Thirkleby, a very racing-like colt by Sundeelah, a sire that seems likely to make his mark at the stud, as he ought, seeing the fine running blood in his veins. The Tradesmen's Cup brought out a field something like in extent to what used to contend for it in times of yore, but there was nothing of the same class as *Consol*, *General Chassé*, *Inheritor*, *St. Bennett*, *Chancellor*, *Sleight of Hand*, *cum multis alias*, among the runners, so it was not surprising that *Cambuslang*, with much the best of the weights, should achieve a clever victory. In pointing out last week that the race was likely to fall to the winner or *De Cambis*, I can take no credit, as from the form both showed at Chester, no one could arrive at any other opinion; but the running of *De Cambis* here quite disappointed me, and quite puts him out of court for the Derby.

There were large fields, and some most exciting contests at Chantilly, particularly for the French Oaks, which resulted in a dead heat between *M. Aumont's Destinée*, by *Ruy Blas* out of *Claudine*, and *M. Lupin's Perla*, by *Dollar* out of *Pergola*. In the deciding heat, curiously enough, the "talent" chose the wrong one, as they betted 5 to 4 on *Perla*, who was very cleverly defeated by *Destinée*, who was the pick of the French prophets. In the *Prix d'Aprimont*, the backers were also at fault, as they laid 5 to 2 on *Franc-Tireur*, but the distance, one mile-and-a-quarter, just suiting *Montargis*, he made most of the running, and won easily by three lengths. At Auteuil, the English contingent carried all before them, as the Grand National of France, with 1,200 sovs. added, was won by *Miss Hungerford*, from a field of eighteen horses; while *Jackal*, *Sir John*, and *Duke of Cambridge*, held the first three places in the Grand Steeple-Chase, which fell to *Jackal*, who jumps like a cat, and having lost the roguish propensities he so often displayed on the flat, is likely to have a distinguished career in cross country contests.

The task now devolves upon me to discuss the Epsom programme, which I shall not do at any wearisome length, for independent of the space at my command being very limited, the Derby has been so long the subject of lengthy diatribes in the daily papers that very little now remains to be written about it, and that little I will try to tell in as few words as possible. The Meeting commences on Tuesday with six races in the list, the principal of which are the Woodcote Stakes, the Rous Stakes, the Craven Stakes, a Maiden Plate for two-year-olds, a Queen's Plate, and the Horton Stakes, only the two former of which are not yet closed. For the Woodcote Stakes there are fifty youngsters nominated, two of which are void through the lamented death of *Count Renard*, and the best of the remaining that have yet run are *Lady Love* and *Eleusis*; but I believe that neither is good enough to beat the "dark" division of whom I have heard a good account—*THE GREY PALMER*, which I must couple with the selected of *MR. LEFFRE*'s to furnish the winner.

For the Rous Stakes, a Free Handicap, there are only ten acceptances, which include *KAISER* 4 yrs, 9st 4lbs and *CAMBUSLANG*, 4 yrs 7st 3lb, by either of whom it is almost certain to be won. The remaining races above named close on Monday afternoon.

Wednesday will be the Derby Day, the grand racing festival not only of the United Kingdom but of the world at large, for the contest for the "blue riband" has attractions for all lovers of the thoroughbred horse, the winner being everywhere regarded as bearing off the crown of excellence, an honour that sticks to him to his dying day, and ensures to him stud favours not accorded to his equally well bred but less fortunate rivals. On this, its

ninety-fifth anniversary, the Derby is not likely to attract a larger field to the starting-post than the following, viz. :—

Horse	Sire	Dam	Probable rider
Atlantic	Thormanby	Hurricane	T. Osborne
Aquilo	Thormanby	Siberia	Parry
Boscobel	Caterer	May Bell	Maidment
Boulet	Monarque	Cremorne	Major
Blantyre	Adventurer	Bonny Bell	
Couronne de Fer	Macaroni	Miss Agnes	T. Cannon
Daniel	Thormanby	Lioness	
De Cambis	Thormanby	The Pet	Snowden
Feu d'Amour	Monarque	Fleurrette	G. Fordham
Farnsfield	Saccharometer	Georgina	Wilson
George Frederick	Marsyas	Princess of Wales	Custance
Glenalmond	Blair Athol	Coimbra	
King of Tyne	Tynedale	Lady Ripon	Morris
Leolinus	Caterer	Tasmania	Constable
Reverberation	Thunderbolt	Golden Horn	Jeffrey
Rostrevor	Thormanby	Lady Augusta	F. Webb
Selsea Bill	Exchequer	Southern Cross	
Tipster	Adventurer	Sporting Life	J. Osborne
Trent	Broomielaw	The Mersey	F. Archer
Whitehall	Lord Clifden	Old Orange Girl	Chaloner

Never has this great race presented such an "open" aspect, and on few occasions has speculation on it been subject to so many chops and changes. The success of *Atlantic* in the Two Thousand has naturally given him a place at the head of the quotations, but he won that race with such manifest difficulty that longer odds have been laid against him than has been betted against any winner of that great race within my memory. Since then he has continued sound and well, and undergone an excellent preparation so that he will strip on the day fit to run for a kingdom, but although he will certainly beat all that were behind him at Newmarket, with the exception of *Reverberation*, who is bound if he has gone on equally well to finish at his head, the Two Thousand winner is not shaped to either get up the hill or get down it, having a rather long weak back, and standing very straight on his pasterns. *Aquilo*, *Lord Falmouth's* second string, has done nothing in public to show that he has any pretensions to win this great race, but in private he answered the question asked him through *Andred* in such a satisfactory manner, that his clever trainer lost confidence in *Atlantic* pulling off the Two Thousand, and which was the cause of that horse's retrogression in the betting just prior to the start. There can, consequently, be but little difference between the pair, but *Aquilo* will, I believe, on this occasion, have to give way to *Atlantic*, his preparation having been stopped for some days, owing to his being shin-sore. *Boscobel* will, no doubt, be brought to the post, somewhat fitter than he was at Newmarket, but there was not that room for so much improvement as will enable him to turn the tables on his former conqueror. *Ecossais* having been well beaten in a trial by *Miss Toto*, a feat that no one except those who believe *Tom Jennings* to be a necromancer could doubt his ability to accomplish. After the poor figure he cut in the Two Thousand, *M. Lefevre* will doubtless now be only represented by *Boulet* and *Feu d'Amour*. That *Boulet*, although in the trial referred to he finished before *Ecossais*, has much chance, I do not believe, but for *Feu d'Amour* I have great respect, and with good reason, seeing that he last year ran second for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and subsequently won both the *Clearwell* and *Prendergast*, beating in the former, *Aquilo*, *King of Tyne*, *Glenalmond*, and several others; while in the *Prendergast*, which terminated in a dead heat between him and *Spectator*, to whom he was giving 6lb, he beat *Reverberation*, *Atlantic*, *Sir William Wallace*, and others. Such performances as these ought not to be lost sight of, and as with *Miss Toto*, *Jennings* can tell to an inch what he can do with *Reverberation* and *Atlantic*, *Feu d'Amour* may possibly give *George Fordham* his first winning mount in the Derby. The next in the list, *Blantyre*, is one of the *Russley* lot that has been backed at outside prices, but as to whether he, *Glenalmond*, or *Daniel* will be the trusted one of the stable on the day I am quite in the dark. Great mystery prevails respecting this lot, and it is even whispered that the owner has not yet got his money on, but all I can say is if he hasn't, it's his own fault, for unless the reports of the "state of the odds" put so prominently forward in the daily and weekly papers are a tissue of falsehoods, all the party have been backed to win fabulous sums. It is not because *Mr. Merry* accomplished the treble victory last year that he is going to repeat the first of them this year, and my advice is to leave the mysterious lot alone, as probably none of them will run any better than did *Lady Bothwell* in the One Thousand. *Couronne de Fer*, if sound in his wind, will, notwithstanding that none of the family have yet stayed, run well; but believing him to be a roarer, I cannot think he will give the "blue riband" to *Lord Rosebery*, much as that young nobleman is deserving of winning the highest Turf decoration. *Farnsfield*, who ran very fast in the Two Thousand, won't stay the mile and a-half. *George Frederick's* status is not easily arrived at, some of his performances being very good, while others are indifferent. One great thing in his favour is that he is an unexceptionally sound horse, and a good shaped one to boot, barring his somewhat loaded shoulders, but as I believe him to be a trifle deficient in speed, I fear *Mr. Cartwright* will have to wait another year before he wins this much coveted prize. *King of Tyne* and *Tipster* will represent the *Johnstone-Jardine* interest, and that the latter will do so respectably, there is warrant in his last year's performances, as he won four of the six races for which he started. He has gone through an excellent preparation, and is certain to finish in the front rank. *Leolinus* sprang into notice at Chester, and many swear by his chance, particularly since he lately acquitted himself to his trainer's satisfaction in a spin with *Shannon* and some others. In such an indifferent year of horses, he may win, but it does not look like it when *Organist* gave him 11lb, and beat him with some 7lb in hand on the *Roadie*. They say he was not so fit then as now, but if not, somebody backed him at Chester that ought to know, and that he could have been so very backward in condition his position in the race quite ignores. *Reverberation's* performance in the Two Thousand I have already referred to, and his position in the great race on Wednesday next, will entirely depend on how he will stand the work he must necessarily get before this and the day to have a chance. At the Clubs to-day (Thursday), he went badly, being driven to 20 to 1 at a bound, a fact that points to a screw being loose somewhere, but what it may all amount to, time will only unravel. Neither *Rostrevor* nor *Selsea Bill* has done anything to give much hope of their winning the great prize of the year; but that the former has done something to please his owner there can be no question, from the way they now back him. Neither *Trent* nor *Whitehall*, on the form they showed in the Two Thousand, can have the most remote chance.

Having thus given my opinion of all the probable starters, it only remains for me to say that I believe the front rank at the finish will comprise *Atlantic*, *Reverberation*, *Feu d'Amour*, *Tipster*, *George Frederick*, and *Leolinus*, and in giving my casting-vote, it must be for

ATLANTIC,

next to whom I expect to see *TIPSTER* and *GEORGE FREDERICK*, as both *Reverberation* and *Feu d'Amour* are so shaky in the market that it is impossible to hold by the opinions I have expressed about them above.

The races that will either precede or follow the *Bentnck Plate*, the *Epsom Town Plate*, the *St. the Epsom Manor Plate*, the three former of which horses have been handicapped, and those I consider best chance are *BEANSTALK*, 4 years, 6st 12lb, years, 6st 9lb; and *CORA*, 4 years, 6st, the I expect to see win.

In the *Epsom Town Plate*, five furlongs, the weighted of the thirty-nine horses engaged a *MAID OF PERTH*, 5 years, 7st 7lb; *BELLE OF 7st*; *BEANSTALK*, 4 years, 6st 12lb; and *GLE 7st 8lb*, of which I prefer the first-named.

The *Stanley Stakes* is for two-year-olds, no of whom are engaged, the greater number of 1 but nevertheless, it is likely to fall to *THE F. the COLT* by *Parmesan* out of *Moleskin*.

On Thursday, though generally regarded as are two interesting races in the list, as it incl *Handicap* and the *Two-Year Old Stakes*, w other events which have yet to be named for.

In the *High Level Handicap*, *LOWLANDEI* fairly in, and with him I must couple *GLENE* and *INQUETUDE* 3 yrs. 6st 4lb to furnish the

In the *Two-Year-Old Stakes CACHMERE* ma course over which she so distinguished herself. prove more dangerous than she did at Newmarket are several well-bred youngsters among the dark will have all her work to do to win.

The programme for Friday is greatly strengthening of the *Epsom Cup*, to which 500 sovs. are "ladies day" will be more attractive than eve the Oaks, public running has shown *Miss Ton* *Lady Patricia* to be so superior to all their com race is a certainty for one of the trio, of whom I sider the first-named is to be preferred; but as opportunity of giving my impressions of the se more in detail on the morning of the race, I s' expressing the hope that the readers of this jo by the foregoing vaticinations.

CORK PARK RACES

THE above Spring Meeting came off on the 5 insts., and was in every respect a complete success. Cork Park Races are known and appreciated in a kingdom, is evident from the very large number "turf" men who attended from the large towns of Scotland, and a very considerable amount of sp briskly carried on. As regards the racing itself, on all hands to be the best which ever took place Course, for each event there were a large number of them, horses well-known in sporting circles—not land, but also in England. *Mr. Appleton's* name is before the public in matters connected with the colours appeared more than once on the card, toget of other gentlemen too numerous to mention. event, was the *Grand Stand Plate* of 500 sovs Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for starters. An o three miles and a quarter, over the *Steeple-chase* O were entered for this race some of the best blood i a few crack English steeple-chasers. There were out of a field of twenty-four, but the thirteen horse at the start, were all splendid animals in grand f was magnificently run in 6 min. 27 sec. without a and was won by *Mr. H. S. Chester's n s b g All* *Mr. Appleton*, *Mr. H. E. Lindes's b g Gamebird* and *Mr. J. W. Denison's b m Night-Thought*, other events were equally well contested, and ga to the thousands assembled on the *Cork Park*, as to what perfection racing is carried in the South of the principal aids to the thorough enjoyment of the capital cards published by *Mr. J. M. Noblett*, which gave the names, owners, weights, and colour most accurately, and were of the greatest assistance in the sport.

Principal Turf Fixtures for

THE DERBY (1½ miles)	Wed
THE OAKS (1½ miles)	Frid
GRAND PRIX (1 mile 7 furlongs)	Sun
ASCOT STAKES (about 2 miles)	Tues
ROYAL HUNT CUP (1 mile)	Wedn
ASCOT GOLD CUP (2½ miles)	Thurs
NORTHUMBRIAN PLATE (2 miles)	Wednes
CUMBERLAND PLATE (1½ miles)	Tuesday
LIVERPOOL JULY CUP (1½ miles)	Thursd
GOODWOOD STAKES (2½ miles)	Wednes
GOODWOOD CUP (2½ miles)	Thursd
BRIGHTON CUP (2 miles)	Wednes
GREAT EBOR HANDICAP (2 miles)	Wednes
DONCASTER ST. LEGER (1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards)	Wednes
OSWESWITCH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards)	Tuesda
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs)	Wednes
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 240 yards)	Tuesda
LIVERPOOL GREAT LANCAHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wednes
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ miles)	Frida
SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wedn
SHERWESBURY CUP (2 miles)	Frida

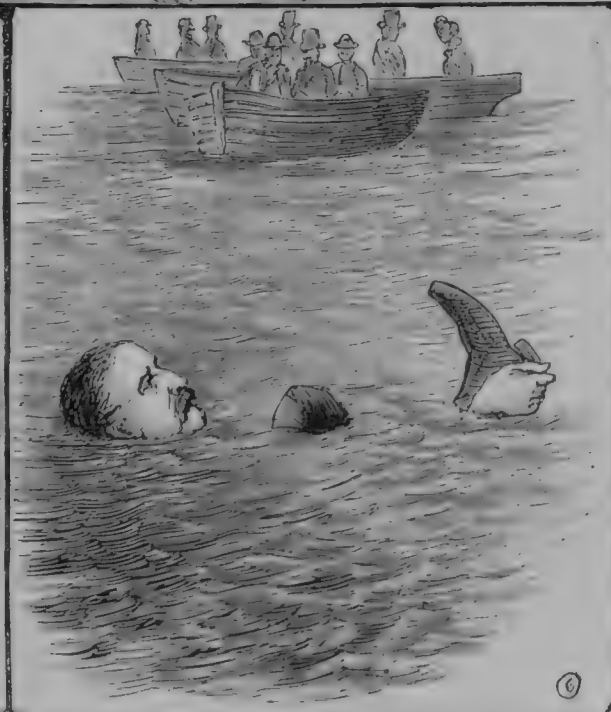
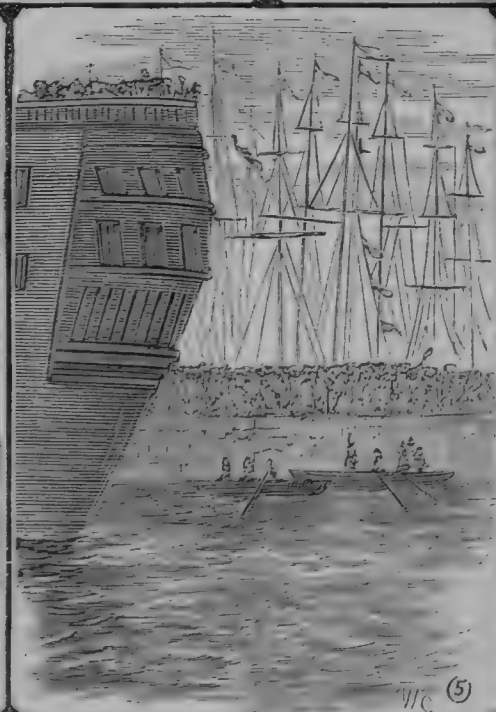
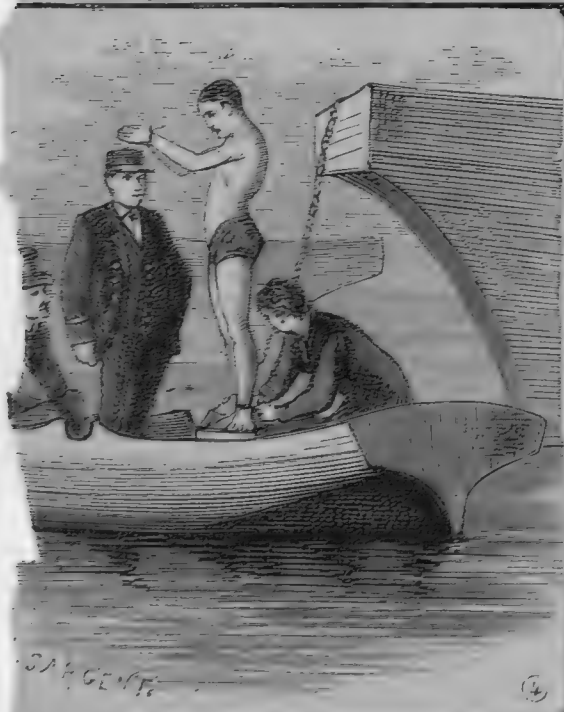
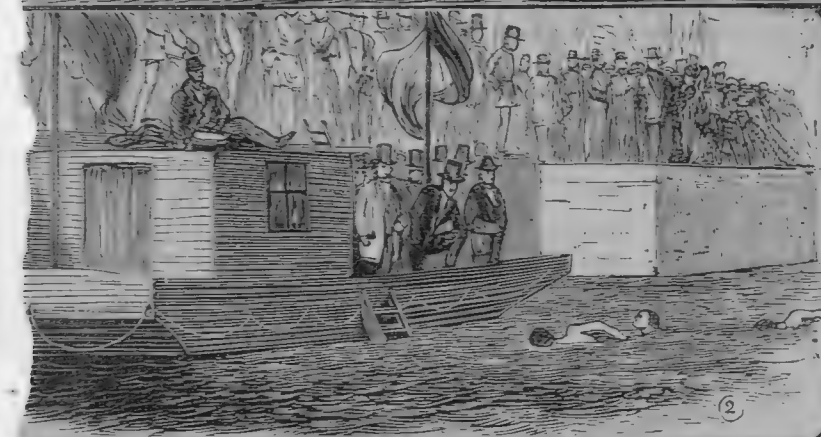
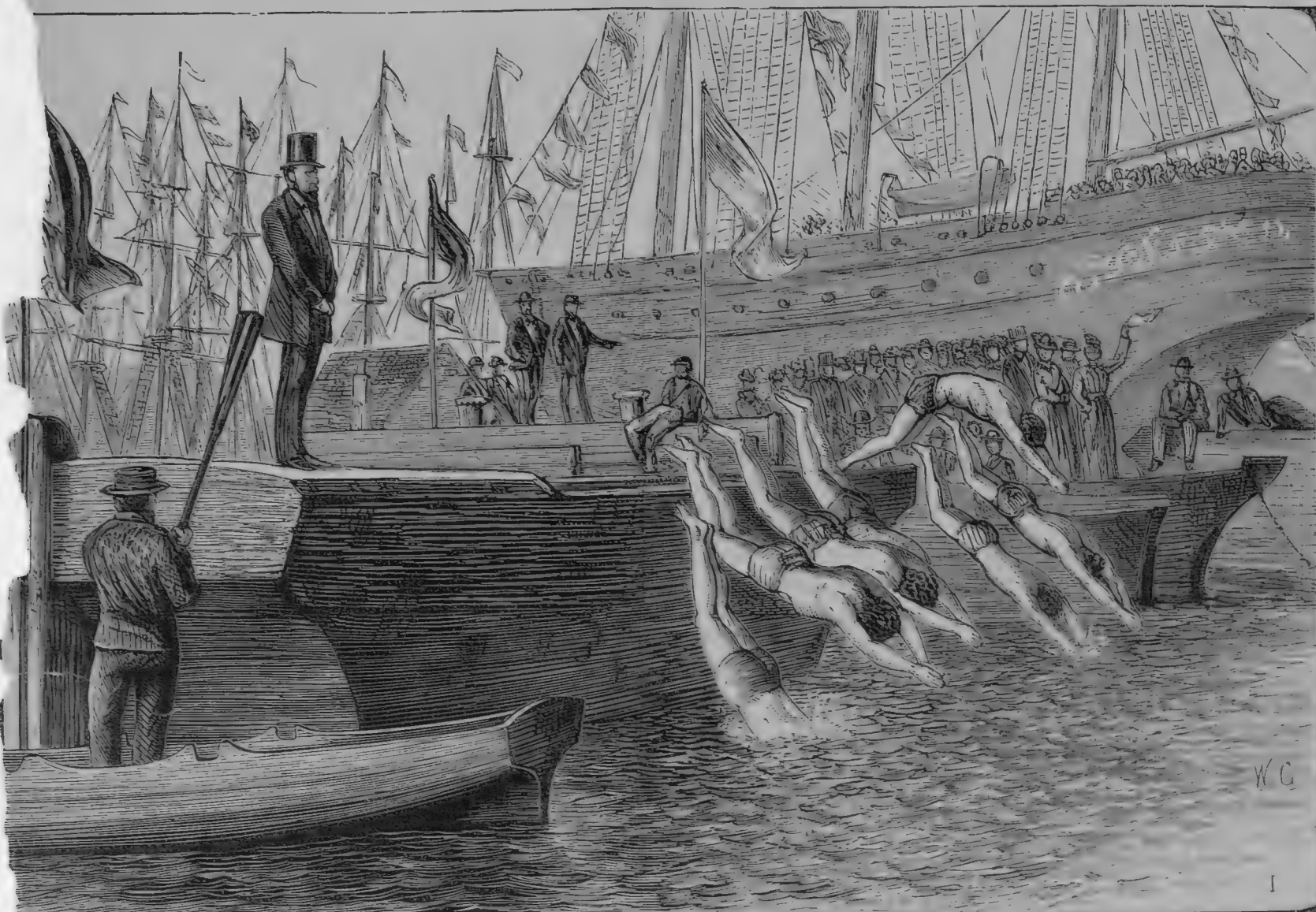
Calendar for Week ending Ju

MONDAY, June 1.	THURSDAY
Stokesley.	Epsom Summer Me
Tipperary Hunt (Fethard) (1st day).	
TUESDAY, June 2.	FRIDAY, Ju
Epsom Summer Meeting (1st day).	Epsom Summer (Th
Tipperary Hunt (Fethard) (2nd day).	Hawick (1st day).
WEDNESDAY, June 3.	SATURDAY
Epsom Summer (The Derby).	Hawick (2nd day).

The two-year-old filly, by *Macaroni*—*Fravola*, *Macedoine*.

TATTERSALL'S.—The Subscription Room will be (Saturday) for the purpose of comparing on the D transaction of business as usual. The Committee will hold a meeting on Monday, at half-past 2 p. here take the opportunity of mentioning that ticke available on both the railways, can be had in the Room on each of the above days.

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The Right Hon. ANDREW LUSK, M.P., Lord Mayor,
Chairman.

At a **PUBLIC MEETING**, held in the Egyptian Hall
of the Mansion House, on Tuesday, April 14th, 1874—
the Right Hon. the **Lord Mayor** in the chair—the fol-
lowing resolutions were unanimously carried:—

Proposed by the Most Hon. the **Marquis of SALIS-**
BURY (Secretary of State for India), and seconded by
the Right Hon. **Lord LAWRENCE, G.C.B.**:—"That this
meeting is convinced that the distress which prevails
in certain districts in the Provinces of Bengal and Be-
har is severe and widespread, and certain to continue
for many months. It therefore appeals to the people of
England to come forward and assist in the efforts which
the Government of India are making to meet the cala-
mity and save human life."

Proposed by Professor **PAWCEIT**, and seconded by the
Right Hon. **Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY**:—"That this
meeting, fully impressed with the necessity of con-
tinued exertion to augment the means of charitable
relief in the famine-stricken districts, pledges itself to
support the efforts of the Mansion House Executive
Relief Committee to raise further subscriptions, and is
strongly of opinion that this Committee should not
relax in its appeals to the public."

Proposed by Mr. **C. MENZIESHAY**, and seconded by
Mr. **ARBITNOT**:—"That the best thanks of this meet-
ing be given to the Right Hon. the **Lord Mayor** for his
conduct in the chair."

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tion of distress which cannot easily be reached by
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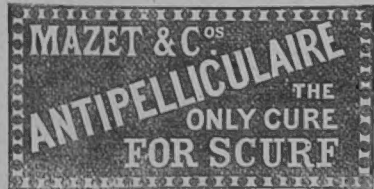
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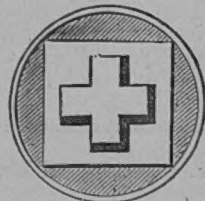


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They unite the recommendation of a mild operation
with the most successful effect; and where an aperient
is required nothing can be better adapted.
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.
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EFFERVESCING LO-
ZENGES, or Solid Thirst
Quenchers. Invaluable to Sports-
men, Singers, Smokers, Speakers,
and in hot climates.
"Effervesce as soon as put in
the mouth."

"The Thirst is quenched and the Throat cleared in
ten seconds."

In Bottles, 1s., free by post.
Sold everywhere, and of the Patentee, W. T. COOPER,
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GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The
excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is
quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that cele-
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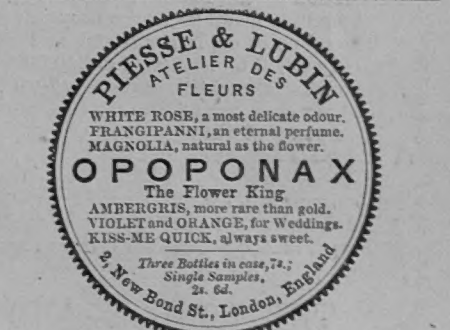
They require no restraint of diet or confinement during
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KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.—This
Medicine is unrivalled for the cure of HEADACHE,
LOWNESS OF SPIRITS, MELANCHOLY, and other distressing
affections arising from INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.
The foundation of nearly all diseases is that of a dis-
ordered or debilitated stomach. Secure freedom from
such complaints by the use of

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.

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YOUNG'S ARNICATED
CORN AND BUNION
PLAISTERS are the best ever
invented for giving immediate
ease, and removing those painful excrescences.
Price 6d. and 1s. per box. Any Chemist not having
them in stock can procure them.
Observe the Trade Mark—H.Y.—without which
none are genuine. Be sure and ask for Young's.

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WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER
TRUSS is allowed by upwards of 500 medical
men to be the most effective invention in the curative
treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so
often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided—a soft
bandage being worn round the body; while the requisite
resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and
PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and close-
ness that it cannot be detected and may be worn during
sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the
Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post on
the circumference of the body two inches below the hips
being sent to the Manufacturer,

MR. JOHN WHITE, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss—16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.
Postage free.

" Double Truss—31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Post-
age free.

" An Umbilical Truss—42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage
free.

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Post-Office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS,
&c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of
WEAKNESS and SWELLINGS of the LEGS,
SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and
inexpensive, and drawn on like an ordinary stocking.
Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage free.
JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

First Issue 10,000 Shares.

THE
LONDON & GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE, & TRANSIT
COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1867.

CAPITAL, £100,000, IN 20,000 SHARES OF £5 EACH,
£2 PAYABLE ON APPLICATION, and £1 ON ALLOTMENT.

The Balance in Two Instalments, payable at 3 and 6 Months. A Rebate of 10 per Cent. will be allowed on all Shares paid up in full on Application.

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EDWIN MILLER, Esq.

TEMPORARY OFFICES.

THE object of the Company is to meet an important requirement connected with the Commerce of the Thames, by organising a Fleet of Barges to facilitate the speedy transit of the shipping business, which is often impeded for want of this accommodation.

It should be recollected that the number of ships entered and cleared in London is greater than on any other river in the world. Admitting the tonnage to be slightly greater in Liverpool, the number is larger in London; but if we take the entered and cleared tonnage along the river from the mouth of the Nore, it is, as well as the number of ships, more extensive than in the Mersey, and Barges are much more required for loading and unloading.

This may be exemplified by the large number of firms situated above bridge, and constantly importing and exporting commodities requiring Barge assistance; and it must be borne in mind that the deliveries can be made along the Thames, as far as it is navigable, for any craft by means of Barges alone.

There are no fewer than 320 large firms, exclusive of a great number of small traders, whose aggregate business is very considerable. Of the first class 320, no fewer than 56 are coal merchants. The imports of the latter are sent up the river to Chelsea, Fulham, Hammersmith, Kew, Richmond, Kingston, and even beyond. Coal delivered at London-bridge and above it is often sent down the river again to Gravesend, Dover, Ramsgate, Margate Broadstairs, Folkestone, and Coastwise, and exported also especially to the French Coast and other parts of the Continent.

There are 42 timber merchants above bridge, and, as in the case of coals, these import by Barge up and down the river, and must inevitably unload by that instrumentality.

There are the same number of brewers also above bridge—42. Stout, porter, and ale are transmitted up river; and as the export of malt drinks has become an enormous trade, and is rapidly increasing, a considerable extension of Barge accommodation is imperatively demanded.

There are also 12 distilleries engaged in an upper river, all largely engaged in export trade.

The merchants above bridge trading in cereals and other vegetable products on a large scale are 18 in number, whilst the numerous large mills abutting upon the Thames give rise to a considerable river trade from that source. This country is now not only an importer of corn, but is also an exporter. In consequence of the free trade in corn it has become a focus of commerce in connection with it, as Sir Robert Peel predicted would be the case.

There are not fewer than 150 other large firms employing Barges situated above London-bridge, and the whole of these 320 establishments rely almost entirely upon the assistance of Barges in loading and unloading.

Frequently under the present system great delay—in connection with shipping a serious loss—occurs. Besides, many vessels, especially grain-laden, are compelled to unload and reload in a given time.

The London and General Steam-Tug Lighterage and Transit Company purpose to supply a thoroughly effective service of Barges, which will render the delivery inward and outward of cargoes, expeditious, safe, and reliable.

So rapidly does the commerce of London augment, that the present supply of Barge accommodation is utterly inadequate. This inadequacy must be daily felt more and more. It is therefore obviously reserved for the projected Society, possessing the necessary capital, to carry out the purpose expressed, and afford, at all events in the first instance, Barge accommodation on the Thames.

The profits made by Barge proprietors at present is from 50 to 60 per cent. on the capital employed.

The proposed capital will put at least 200 Barges on the river, with Steam-Tugs to work them, thus rendering them independent of wind and tide. At present there are 6,000 Barges, only equal to a tonnage of 240,000, which is far below the demand.

The estimate of the earnings of THE PRESENT ASSOCIATION has been most carefully made, and all exaggeration avoided, which, upon the Capital, will pay from 20 to 30 (see enclosure) per cent. per annum, so that in about four years each investor will receive back the total amount invested.

The plans of the Company are efficient, and can be promptly carried out, offering one of the safest and most profitable investments, and one which every investor can see at work under his own eyes, and the nature of the operations of which he can always be competent to form an opinion.

A large number of Shares have been subscribed for, and Certificates will be issued in order of date of application, but the Directors do not bind themselves in any case to issue the full amount applied for.

Applications for Shares must be made in the annexed form, accompanied by a deposit of £2 per Share on the number applied for.

Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, Secretary, or Solicitor to the Company, as also copies of Articles of Association.

THE LONDON AND GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE AND TRANSIT COMPANY, LIMITED.
FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES (To be retained by the Bankers).

To the Directors of THE LONDON AND GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE AND TRANSIT COMPANY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,

Having paid to your Credit at the IMPERIAL BANK, LIMITED, the Sum of £_____ being a Deposit of £2 per Share, upon _____ Shares, I have to request that you will allot me the said Shares of £5 each in THE LONDON AND GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE AND TRANSIT COMPANY, LIMITED, and I hereby agree to accept such Shares, or any smaller number that you may allot to me; and I authorise you to place my Name upon the Register of Shareholders for the Shares so allotted.
I am, GENTLEMEN, your obedient Servant,

Name in full _____
Residence _____
Profession or Business _____
Date _____
Usual Signature _____

THE LONDON AND GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE AND TRANSIT COMPANY, LIMITED.
BANKERS' RECEIPT (To be signed by Bankers and retained by Applicant).

RECEIVED this _____ day of _____ 187____, of _____ the sum of _____
being a deposit of £2 per Share on _____ Shares in THE LONDON AND GENERAL STEAM-TUG, LIGHTERAGE AND TRANSIT COMPANY, LIMITED.

For the IMPERIAL BANK, LIMITED,
LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.

£ : :